SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS (SEE PAGE 12)

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 115. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 14TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 115. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 14TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

GETTING YOUR "COLOURS."

WHEN A MAN FEELS PARTICULARLY PROUD OF HIMSELF.

A man seldom forgets the day when he got his cricket, football, or other "colours" at school or college.

The method of giving colours varies with different schools and 'Varsities.

At Rugby, for example, the captain of football makes his selection known by contriving casually to meet the chosen one, to whom he says: "You may take your cap, and allow me to congratulate you," at the same time shaking hands.

When, however, the lucky recipient attains the dignity of his XV. colours, to which the cap is only a preliminary, he receives a note informing him that he may wear them, and the same is the case with most other athletic "distinctions."

At Westminster, the lucky cricketer who has caught the eye of the captain of cricket is told that he may order his "pinks," and you can safely bet that he does not stand upon the order of his going to do so.

At most schools, once you have got your "colours," you retain them even if you fail to keep your place in the XI. or XV., but at Westminster, the "pink," whether for cricket or football, must be surrendered at the close of each season, the captain alone being exempt from this stern rule.

At Winchester, the great cricket match of the year is the one against Eton. At one time this was played at Lord's, but it is now decided either at Eton or Winchester.

Nevertheless, when one of the masters at Winchester announces from the pavilion steps the names of those who have been chosen to play against Eton, he says, as was said in the old days: "So-and-So will be wanted at Lord's," whereupon the chosen is entitled immediately to order his colours.

At Eton and Harrow colours are usually given, as a matter of course, to those chosen for Eton v. Harrow. Nevertheless, the Etonian who takes part in the great match is not thereby entitled to order his colours until the captain has told him he may do so.

"You can get your flannels" is the message to the Harrovian selected to play against Eton, for at Harrow only members of the First XI. are allowed to wear white flannels.

At Oxford the captain says to the new cricket "blue," "Jones, I shall want you at Lord's on such-and-such days," the dates, of course, of the inter-'Varsity match, and the formula is the same at Cambridge.

F. G. BROWNLEE.

CHEEK.

Judge Bacon sapiently observes: "What is thoroughly understood is never comprehended." If this is so, his Honour certainly is thoroughly understood.

* * *

"Oh, the mistletoe bow!" chuckled Bertie Bonnyboy as he made a graceful inclination to a young lady standing under a green branch, and caught her bending.

* * *

It is true that Mr. Grahame-White has been considerably quizzed about the numerous reports of his engagement to a well-known actress—but it is *not* true that he has referred to her as a "Wild Goose Chase."

* * *

A Soured Contributor has written in a contemporary an article called "Concerning Editors." But it is our experience that Editors are never concerned at all.

* * *

"Where is the Rev. H. Wigmore?" asks "London Opinion." Is he the man in the (Wigmore) Street?

* * *

SOCIETY NOTES.

[It is fashionable to be vulgar nowadays.—The "Gentlewoman."]

Would you acquire gay Fashion's tone,
And claim the Smart Set for your own?
The present scribe can tell you how,
So learn his maxims here and now.
Should any man ask you to quaff
A drink, you should reply, "Not 'arf!"
But should he ask *you* for a drink,
Just grin and say, "I do *not* think!"
"My word!" "Wot oh!" "Go on!"
"Pip-pip!"
Say these, and you *can't* make a slip.
And don't forget the chaste "There's 'air!"
Vulgarity's the only wear.

* * *

The "Lancet" says that mendacity is injurious to the health. And yet most fishermen and golfers are robust to the extent of rudeness.

* * *

A contemporary whimsically inquires where we shall all be this time next year. A good many of us, at any rate, will be in L—ondon.

* * *

The only time when you can hear a pin fall with any distinctness is when the pin-fall takes place in a wrestling match.

* * *

Nine out of ten honest men are only honest because they can't get any credit.

* * *

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein says that opera directors are born, not made. Some people wish that they were neither. J. S. COX.

REGIMENTAL BADGES.

LITTLE BITS OF BRASS, BUT ONLY MEN CAN WEAR THEM.

A regiment's badge often dumbly relates some event in its history. The badge, for example, of the 76th, 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is an elephant, in commemoration of that regiment's splendid service in Hindustan—in the old days they were the 76th (Hindustan) Regiment.

The badge of the "Death or Glory Boys," the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers, is appropriately enough a skull and cross bones. The badge was chosen for them by a former colonel named Hole. He had served with Wolfe, and took this way of perpetuating the hero's memory.

The Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment are known as "Kirke's Lambs" from having been commanded by that rather infamous man, and their badge is a lamb and flag.

The King's (Liverpool) Regiment are proud of their prancing white horse within the Garter, while the Norfolk Regiment cling to their figure of Britannia.

When they fought in Spain the dons took the figure of Britannia for that of the Virgin Mary, and nicknamed the regiment the "Holy Boys."

The Royal Warwickshire Regiment sport an antelope, while the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) are adorned with a fearsome-looking dragon.

One of their nicknames is the "Resurrectionists." This suggests body-snatching, but they got it at Albuera when they were dispersed by cavalry, only serenely to bob up again.

You can tell the Seaforth Highlander by his badge of a stag's head surmounted by the late Duke of York's cypher and badge.

The Royal Irish Rifles have the harp and crown, with the motto, *Quis separabit?*

The 14th (King's) Hussars sport a barndoor fowl, which perhaps is a rude way of describing the Prussian Eagle.

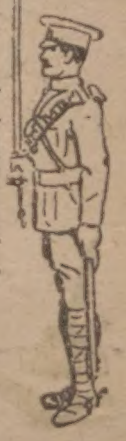
I am not sure what the badge of the Royal Army Medical Corps is intended to represent, but it looks like a snake climbing up a pole, and I don't think I have got the jim-jams.

The Gordon Highlanders have a stag's head looking at you, while the Camerons are represented by an apostolic figure.

The "Castle and Key" superscribed "Gibraltar" is the device of the "Steelbacks"—the Northamptonshire Regiment, and the Royal Berkshires have a dragon who looks as if he were "cocking a snook" at you.

Finally a "Staffordshire Knot" is the fitting emblem of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

GEORGE DRIVER.



WARNING TO HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.

Sir,—You will have observed that I have addressed you in the manner which is customary when one writes to someone who is not a personal acquaintance, and who is a gentleman.

I do not know you personally, and you are a gentleman. The law says you must be described as such, because you are a member of the House of Commons.

I am interested in you, Mr. Bottomley, because your character is uncommon; I meet so many ordinary people that it is refreshing to observe the doings and sayings of someone like yourself.

The thing that removes you from the commonplace is your cleverness. You are *very* clever.

A working-man in your constituency once told me that he and several of his friends went to a political meeting of yours with malicious intentions. He said that they had all lost money over certain companies which you had floated, and that, if they could not get their hard-earned savings back in the form of cash, they meant to have something approaching its worth by making that meeting the most uncomfortable episode in your life.

WON OVER.

They armed themselves with eggs and other objectionable missiles, with a view to that end, but (so my informant told me) before you had been speaking for a quarter of an hour they had relinquished their hostile purpose and were cheering you loudly.

This supporter—of whom you should be very proud, for he was once your enemy—added that you were a very clever man, and very convincing while you were speaking, though he was not so sure, on reviewing the whole matter after the lapse of a week, that he had been right in changing his mind as to the use of his ammunition.

Clever, Mr. Bottomley, you most undoubtedly are. Cleverness is one kind of genius, and genius is a thing that I admire. It is because I admire your cleverness that I venture to give you a warning.

The things that I should like to warn you against are your bad taste and your lack of discretion.

You print each week, on the first page of your paper, this motto: "Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant." The motto is an excellent one, but you discount it a little by the verse which you print on the first page of the cover:

ASSES.

"The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull."
—BYRON.

Mankind are not all asses, even although Byron and you may think so, but there is a failing, common to many people, and that is a delight in seeing somebody hit. They like to hear the thud or the crunch of the blow, provided they are not the person receiving that blow, and provided also that they are not the person giving it.

Your readers, Mr. Bottomley, do not identify themselves with you in the various attacks which you make, but they like these attacks because in their make-up there is a large element of malevolence. You have been clever enough to cater admirably for that section of the public which likes this sort of thing, and for your cleverness in this matter I admire you.

You may remember that somewhere in the 'sixties there was published a paper called the "Tomahawk." It was run on lines somewhat similar to, yet essentially different from, those which you follow in yours. Its motto was, "Help to the weak, and woe to the wicked." This motto would be a very good one for you to follow.

At present there are some readers of your paper who say that your policy is not woe to the wicked, but woe to anybody whom you think unlikely to defend themselves.

There, Mr. Bottomley, is just where your enthusiasm oversteps the mark. The task of providing a weekly budget of scandal must necessarily be difficult, and if there are no wicked people left to be attacked, it is, perhaps, excusable for you to level your javelin against those who are merely weak; but it is not always advisable, and sometimes you make a miscalculation.

THE CASE OF MISS KNOLLYS.

You did so in the case of Miss Knollys, for example.

You suggested that this lady, the daughter of Lord Knollys, the friend and secretary of the late King, had made a runaway match. The opposition of the lady and her friends was not so weak as might have been expected; they brought the case into court. You spoke very eloquently to the jury, but apparently they were not Bottomley enthusiasts, and the lady was awarded £500 damages.

Your view is that in your various exposures, and so forth, you are doing a public service; but what public service could you possibly allege in giving pain to this young lady and her family?

More recently you printed an article entitled "Bournville Bunkum."

The article is not signed. You have, time and again, asserted in your paper that you accept no responsibility for articles which are not signed, so that it maybe presumed that you do not accept responsibility for this unsigned one. Here the subject of your attack is Mr. George Cadbury, whose advertisements, I observe, do not appear in your journal.

SHOUTING ABOUT NOTHING.

From the article in question it appears that you gather, from a Sunday visit to Bournville, that "out of the five thousand work-people who are supposed to be employed in the cocoa factory, only a thousand actually were housed in the village of Bournville." You added that "as a matter of fact, most of them live in the surrounding villages of Stirchley, Cotteridge, King's Norton, and Selly Oak, and some as far away as Birmingham."

What a terrible crime on the part of Mr. Cadbury—always supposing that the statements you make are true! How dreadful for an employer of factory hands to provide a section of his employees with unusual comfort, and to leave the others to provide for themselves in the same style as other factory hands!

I wonder whether even the most enthusiastic of your readers managed to rouse himself to any kind of indignation towards Mr. Cadbury for the terrible crime which you inferred.

If it were found that Cadbury's employees were unduly oppressed, there would be just cause for the rousing of public indignation, but in the article it is admitted that, far from being oppressed, these employees are treated, in every way, as well as other employees, and, moreover, that a thousand of them are housed in specially comfortable quarters.

The one and only thing about the Cadbury business that would be of real interest to the public is the purity of the product produced by that firm. That purity you do not attack, because you could not; in the evidence recently given in a court of law it was admitted that the Cadbury products are absolutely pure, as they claim to be, and even you, Mr. Bottomley, have been taught to respect the law, in some phases at least.

THE "MAIL'S" MISTAKE.

You may remember that a year or two ago the "Daily Mail" was less discreet. It attacked the business of Lever Brothers, the manufacturers of Sunlight Soap, and the damages awarded against it amounted to no less than £50,000.

I mention this fact, Mr. Bottomley, not to cause you any undue alarm, but simply as a warning, because I fear that, if such an award were given against you, it would place you in a very uncomfortable position.

The other quality which I venture to criticise is your lack of good taste.

One finds it illustrated very well in the note which you wrote concerning those old colleagues of yours who had been defeated at the recent elections. Here is one—this simply in case you have forgotten it:

"Tom Wing (Grimsby): The Lord be praised! The most vacuous, empty-headed noodle who ever got into the House. Even the Party system should demand a modicum of intelligence in its votaries. The poor chap used to say that God had given him to Parliament. Well, what the Lord giveth the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord."

STANDARDS OF TASTE.

It may be that some of your readers considered this witty; I do not dispute for a moment that it was clever, for the scandal-loving public likes an attack upon anybody, but there are many who would consider the paragraph more than a little blasphemous, and I believe that there are some who, like myself, would consider that it was not very good taste for a man who had been in Parliament to criticise his colleague in this personal manner, but, of course, Mr. Bottomley, your standard of taste may be a different one from mine.

There is yet another thing about which I should like to speak to you, and that is concerning your proposal of a "Business Government."

Everybody knows that the Party system is played out, and most of those who take an active interest in politics realise that the remedy for the present state of matters is to introduce into Parliament the same system of voting as is at present in vogue in the French Chamber of Deputies—namely, voting by ballot.

THE POST YOU WANT.

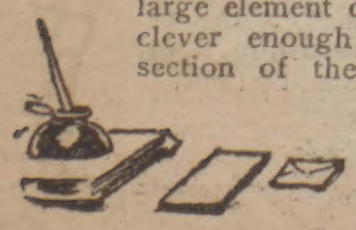
Your "Business Government," about which you preach in season and out of season, is presumably to consist of various other people, in various posts, but essentially with yourself as Chancellor of the Exchequer—at least, that is the impression that one gathers from the many allusions that you make to this "Business Government."

Clever as you are, Mr. Bottomley, you forget that the public has a fairly good memory, and, before entrusting the fortunes of the country to you, they will be much inclined to consider what you have hitherto accomplished.

They would review, for example, the fortunes of the various companies with which you have been connected, and they would consider whether the lot of the shareholders in those companies was likely to be the same as the lot of the citizens in the new Arcadia.

Faithfully yours,

H. GRAY-REID.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BARDOLPH BLESSINGTON, CORINTHIAN

By GEORGE LOGAN.

"Here—here's your cap—your stick—your coat. Now, come along out. Nice thing your saying there isn't any sport in 'this one-horse show.' My godfathers, man, there's sport anywhere if you only look for it!"

Bardolph Blessington, himself already ulstered, flung me my things after the manner of an attendant upon a conjurer. I will admit that I had kicked somewhat against Blessington's native place in a way unworthy of a guest. I had cursed it for a music-hall-less, racecourse-less, recreation-ground-less, sport-less little imitation town. The one billiard table we had tried was like to the Sahara Desert after a dust-storm; the beer was not so bad, but it was served either by blue-jerseyed and collarless bar*men*, or by land-lords who were ex-followers of the sea. On the quay-head, which was the only interesting parade, bargees by name and nature walked with a nautical roll and gazed stolidly seaward, their conversation consisting of gruff monosyllables. A half-hour spent vainly in looking for the Jacobs character who would sit on a barrel and observe to me (after expectorating thoughtfully), "Talkin' about skippers, sir," had convinced me that whatever Mr. W. W. Jacobs wrote, he made it up out of his own good head.

Having voiced these objections, then, the result was that I was called upon to do the society conjurer act. I caught all three articles.

A second later we were out in the fitful sunshine of a somewhat bleak January morning, looking for sport. And I may add that I considered we had the same chance of finding any as an angler has of catching perch and roach off the Bell Rock.

"First of all," said Blessington, "we want a dozen packets of Woodbines and a few screws of shag."

A girl, utterly unaffected and in matutinal curl papers, served us in a grimy little bottle-glass-window-paned shop, wherein paraffin oil cans hobnobbed with tubs of Danish butter, whereon were displayed countless-eyed potatoes, and cabbages that seemed ripe for turning into cigars of the famed "Flor de Cabbagio" brand.

A few mission notices hung upon jars of pickled onions completed the dingy picture, and we sallied forth on to the quay, Blessington whistling as if we were off to a race-meeting or a football match!

There was no actual river at Bardolph's native place. The sea borrowed most of it at low tide, and its bed was a paradise for mudlarks and dismal-looking enough (the barges all heeled over on the oozing mud) to depress a winner of the Calcutta Club Derby sweep.

"Well," I said, tauntingly, "where's the sport?"

"You wait," said Blessington, and made for a big rope-stake against the quay-head.

"Are we going to sit on that and toss for those Woodbines?" I asked. "Is that your puerile idea of sport, Blessington? Or is it, perchance, pitch-button, my liege?"

He answered not a word.

"If so," I went on, "I must borrow your knife. It *is* possible to sit down without buttons on your trousers. But it's the walking home that does it—the walking home!"

Still he did not deign to come to earth.

He merely picked up from the pebble-strewn quay-head a tin and a brick, and placed them, the brick at the summit, on top of the mooring stake.

"Now come out of the light!" he said, unkindly.

And, walking a distance of perhaps thirty yards, he picked up a few stones and threw them at the target—atrociously wide.

"Good heavens, I can do better than that," I said, with reviving interest, "although I haven't thrown a stone at a tin-can since my earliest schooldays."

I aimed. Blessington caught my elbow neatly and jerked it up.

"You fool——" I began.

"Shut up! Aim wide!" he hissed.

And once again he threw a stone that put a sea-gull, peacefully paddling down the rising stream, to flight.

"Yah, yah!" came a few cat-calls from a little half-obscured lout by a big, wooden-fronted rope-store. "Yah, yah!"

(This and other epithets.)

"You toffs can't throw a stun fer nuts," said someone contemptuously.

"Hang it all, you fellows," exclaimed Blessington, in parlance totally unnatural to him, "can you throw any better? I tell you, it's a beastly awkward mark!"

"Beastly hawkward mark, Bertie!" mocked a voice.

Nevertheless, slowly, but with great interest, a handful of quay hobbledehoys and urchins gathered as from nowhere.

"Look here," said Blessington, good humouredly. "Packet of fags to the first chap that hits it!"

Their fingers itching, several already held stones ready to fling.

"Well, make it a bit further back," said one ragged but intensely sporting youth. "It's tu easy 'ere."

"Hold on," said another, as we retreated a further twenty yards. "This brings us in a line wi' old 'Cosh' Beeder's boat."

"Bother 'Cosh' Beeder!" observed the first tattered sportsman—or words to that effect. "Reckon' 'e'll riot. But if he do . . . well, I owe him one, I do!" he added, grimly.

"I thought," observed Blessington to me, in parenthesis, "that you said there was no sport in this place!"

To prove how utterly wrong I was, the first hail of stones spurted around the mark amid yells of:

"Ooshter! That was near 'im!"

"Boosht! That's copped it. . . . No! Hard bloomin' lines!"

"Swear *I* shivered it, Hoppy!"

"You're a liar, Three-foot; but that's nearer."

"Yah! ye didn't!"

"Well, that has, anyway. . . . Booshter! Over she goes!"

But the brick merely trembled on its base, and settled down again comfortably upon the tin.

There was a lull while the increasing number of competitors picked up stones, and then they were off again with a joyous rattle.

"Hard to shift that lot," said Blessington. Up to that moment he had been a spectator, but now he picked up a handful of well-rounded pebbles, such as are good for throwing. There was no suggestion of patrician incompetence in his correct stone-throwing stance. . . . Whizz—whizz—whizz! Where he had missed by yards he was missing by eighths of inches now, and, inspired by his enthusiasm, a few dock-hands, passing, stopped to have a shot also. It came as I expected. Three stones dislodged the gallant brick at once.

Blessington, complete master of the situation by sheer personality, held up his hand for silence.

"Prizes!" he exclaimed, and solemnly doled out three packets of Woodbines.

"Now," he said, "if you other chaps will allow me I'd like to just try my hand against these winners. In the meantime, have a smoke."

I was made steward of the Woodbines. They just went round.

As Blessington led off, a menacing figure appeared at the stern of the barge.

"Hullo! there's old 'Cosh' Beeder. 'Wondered how long 'e would be afore 'e started to grouse," observed "Three-foot," who was one of the competitors, and, in addition, the gentleman who owed the redoubtable "Cosh" what he termed a "pong in the jaw."

"Hyar! hyar!" Mr. Beeder called out. "You mind the new paint on this 'ere barge . . . . else you be a hearin' from me!"

"All right, darlin'. Don't forget ter write!" cried someone in falsetto tones.

Unheeding, the four went on, the stones that flew by the mark just dropping clear of the barge.

As a body, the spectators were too busy to attend to the complaints of Mr. Beeder. It was an exciting moment—the Corinthian against the rest of the sportsmen.

They stopped, flushed, after a thrilling minute.

"All round it up to now," said Blessington, with zest. "But come on. All take steady aim!"

They did so. With the regularity of soldiers at drill their bodies and arms moved. And then——

"A beauty!"

"Copped him fair!"

"Bravo, guv'nor!"

It was a jangled but appreciative chorus from the crowd.

Blessington, smiling far more than a jockey who has won a big race, was receiving his blushing honours thick upon him. Debased upon the shingle, a mute ode in honour of the conqueror, lay the brick and the tin.

Mr. Beeder took the opportunity of making himself unpleasant again with his raucous "Hyar, hyar!"

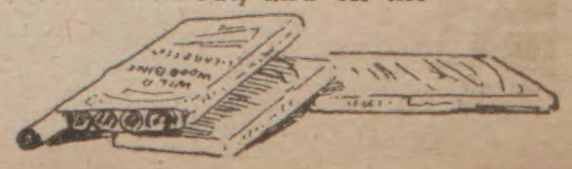
A "beefy" looking man, he advanced, elephant wise, towards the ragged "Three-foot."

It was a cowardly blow and without warning. . . . "Three-foot," like many sportsmen, was at times without the wherewithal to get the good inside-lining that gives a man his proper heart for a fight.

"You damned cad!" exclaimed Blessington, flushing.

"You hold your mouth!" observed Mr. Beeder, sizing up pugilistically. "You ask these fellers. . . . Reckon they'd back 'Cosh' Beeder at anything."

Instantaneously Blessington's good right-arm shot out, and the white fist landed to a hair's breadth on the aggressive jaw of the bargee. It was a fair knock-out, and on the



stones Mr. "Cosh" Beeder, cock of the quay-side no longer, was prostrate.

"Would they back you at *that?*" demanded the Corinthian, negligently. "Get up and I'll put you down again."

But Mr. Beeder showed no inclination to accept the encouraging offer.

"Ach!" exclaimed Blessington, in disgust. "I thought that you would have been more loyal to the town than this."

"What d'yer mean, sir?" said "Cosh" from the floor, very respectfully. "No ill-feeling, ye know, sir. . . . May I git up?"

"No ill-feeling! No, that's just it," said Blessington miserably. "And no fight in you either. And here's me been trying to show my friend that there *is* some sport in this 'one-horse show!' It's disheartening, that's what it is. Disheartening!"

He turned to me and waved aside the chorused congratulations.

"As you say, old man," he said, sadly. "There's no music-hall, no racecourse, no recreation ground here! . . . And you can't get a black eye even to save the town's reputation! . . . Let's go and look up your train."

PUTTING MEN UP.

It often happens, even to bachelors, but more often to Bohemian young married men, to put up a friend who has lost his last train home, or who has stayed so late that all the hotels are shut, or, in some cases, who is temporarily broke and has been "fired" from his diggings by a righteously irate landlady.

And the host's feeling of pleasure in so doing naturally varies in accordance with the personality of his guest. In most cases where a young and not too prosperous man puts another up for the night, he does so at the other's request, and is not a little inconvenienced. He has no spare bed, no bed-clothes, and generally the guest has to curl up on the sofa, or a rug in front of the fire, or something. But if the guest is a good chap, he is grateful even for this—and his host is pleased to have him and "do" him as well as he can.

But you must be sure of your man. In some cases such guests, if you make them too comfortable, are difficult to get rid of, and you are at last heartily glad to see the back of them.

POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES.

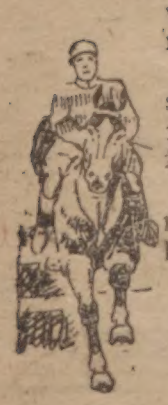
Masters of Fox Hounds, or, where there are none, Masters of Stag Hounds or Harriers, are permitted by the National Hunt Committee to hold Point-to-Point Steeplechases on one day each year, provided the following conditions, among others, are observed.

No money or other prize of greater value than twenty sovereigns shall be added to any steeplechase, except in the case of a cup or other trophy given from a private source.

Only such flags as are necessary to mark turning points or dangerous places shall be used, and no flags or posts shall be placed in or near fences to indicate the boundaries within which the fences are to be jumped.

Any number of steeplechases may be run, but no other kind of race.

Regiments, clubs, and societies are also allowed to hold point-to-point steeplechases with the sanction of the National Hunt Committee.



At these the total distance of each race shall not be less than three miles, or the furthest turning point less than one mile from start to finish.

Further, the fences must not be altered more than is necessary to allow of the race being run.

CUE TIPS

POINTS TO REMEMBER IN A "HUNDRED UP."

There can be hardly a man, holding a copy of this paper, who has not at one time said, or will at some time say, to another man, "Come and play a hundred up."

For such men as these the hints which we give should prove useful.

First of all, far more depends on the cue you choose than you might imagine.

Weigh one or two in your hand as you take them out of the rack, holding them in the thumb and forefinger of the right hand about a foot from the tip. The cue you want is a fairly heavy one, so that there may be power in your stroke without undue muscular exertion.

With a light cue you have to put so much force into the stroke that accuracy of direction is practically impossible. But, of course, do not go to the other extreme and choose a cumbersome one.

Of course, it will be understood that if you find that the lighter cue is more suited to your play, by all means abandon the heavier instrument.

W. A. Lovejoy, who, by the way, was upwards of six feet in height, played with a plain ash cue weighing only twelve ounces, and being five inches shorter than those in ordinary use.

BUYING A CUE.

In purchasing a new cue, pay a fair price for it, as, owing to hard competition, many inferior articles find their way to the market. Get a butted cue if you can.

When not in use, a cue should be placed in a stand or rack, and not leant up against a wall. They warp easily, and a cue that is crooked is worse than useless.

Also, re-tip your cues as soon as the tips on them show signs of dilapidation.

Have a look at the "tip," and if you find that it is hard and does not "take the chalk" well, ask the marker for a piece of emery paper.

Put this on the ground, and hold the cue by the butt, beween your two hands, with the tip on the paper. Then make the cue revolve gently by rolling the hands backwards and forwards for a minute or so. Then you will get the chalk to stick on easily.

Here is a good tactical tip.

If your opponent starts off and gives a miss in baulk, do not try an all-round cannon off the red as many players do. You will probably miss it, and, at the same time, bring the balls together for your adversary.

SOME PLAYING HINTS.

Play your ball up against one of the side cushions, just far enough away from the centre pocket to prevent his going in off it.

Thus the shot you leave him will be fairly safe.

Remember you are out to win, so that if you should accidentally pot your opponent's ball, try to leave him a "double baulk."

Pay no attention to him if he says any such thing as "Play the game! Be a sportsman!" in order to dissuade you. By so doing, he only shows he isn't one himself.

A man who has any claim to the title wishes to win by his own efforts; and just as he desires to be given no advantages, so does he give none.

Don't be greedy. This is a very important hint; but it needs some explanation.

Suppose the red is on the pyramid spot and you are in hand. You will probably try to go in off the red into one of the top pockets. And possibly it may suddenly flash across your mind that you might pot the red [illegible] the opposite pocket at the [illegible] time as going in off it.

It is much better, however, to make sure of a "three" than to try for a "six," and get nothing. Try for a "in-off"; and if you happen to get the other as well, so much the better.

By the way, there is a habit common to a great many men who are quite unconscious of it, but which is particularly annoying to opponents.

This is the habit of [illegible]ing the cue while he is playing.

If you carry a piece of chalk in your pocket, it does not matter so much; but when you have to pull down a window or grope under the table it is very trying to him.

And, in any case, it is much better to do it just before the stroke.

It is an unfortunate fact that many [illegible] billiard-rooms, brilliantly illuminated and furnished in the most up-to-date style, are without a decent selection of cues.

In many cases this is the fault of the billiard-table makers, who supply a selection of cues that the goods that they really set out to sell.

Even if economy must be closely studied, do not depend entirely on this class of cue; purchase a selection from the makers who specialise in them.

J. J. FOWLER.

WOMEN WE SYMPATHISE WITH.

BY OUR KINDLY CYNIC.

The jolly, sympathetic girl who marries a jealous husband.

* * *

The dear little soul who goes to a theatre palpitating with pride over a gorgeous new hat—only to see a hated rival with an exactly similar one.

* * *

The girl who has said "No!" to her favoured suitor, and who has been proposed to seriously.

* * *

The girl who, having bought a pair of lacework - - - - - s for 5s. 11¾d., sees [illegible] more attractive ones at another shop for 5s. 11d.

* * *

The woman with a sense of humour who is married to a man without one.

* * *

The woman who marries a man "for his home" only to find him contract a [illegible] lassitude after marriage and expect her to go in washing and keep both of them.

* * *

The woman whose husband uses her cherished face-powder to put on his chin every morning after shaving.

* * *

The girl who is devoted to cycling, but whose "best boy" insists on dragging her to football matches.

* * *

Lastly, the girl who wants to read THE MODERN MAN, but whose brother won't [illegible] it over.

J. GORDON HOE

A SKETCH.

By G CONYERS.

The pre-dawn, grey, caressing fog hung about Covent Garden Market, seemingly most unwilling to go. But the Garden had been alive an hour or more. At the time of which I write I could have stated accurately the exact period that had elapsed from the first whistle I heard—the first notification that Covent Garden's day had commenced.

A game of poker that my fellow-players and I had decided should stop at midnight had continued until even "full houses," and their succeeding "Jack pots" had begun to pall upon us. Then we said we would go to bed. I retired, I remember, at four o'clock. I had hoped to rest. But sleep had found the elusive charm of the game of poker a most energetic resister. Thus, only restlessness was my portion. For sleep is like a woman that loves you—she is deeply hurt when you push her away. She stops away some time before she comes back again.

That is why, finally, I switched on the light in the bedroom of my Covent Garden hotel and drifted over to my dressing-table. There on I discovered both my studs. If anything could have surprised me, I suppose that fact would have been sure to do so. . . . It decided me—I will admit that it was only a vague sort of decision—that it was useless to court sleep any longer, that having in my possession the keystone of all masculine dressing, it was as well to get up to obtain interest for my mind—my poor, deserted mind—that sleep had left aching just as a man aches for an absent wife or mistress whom he truly loves.

The night porter was slumbering in the hall when I walked past him; the big latch slipped back easily, and I was out in the grey, out in an atmosphere where the odour of rum and hot coffee rose supreme, permeating the sunbeams that were seeking to force their way through the fog.

I shaped my course sunward at first, but the traffic of the early morning market carts, myriads of them, all bearing flower-boxes marked "This box charged 2s." (or some other sum) turned me half-round the compass, and I found myself, after a time, buffetted about in a narrow channel that led to surprising places—which is the charm of the purlieus of Covent Garden.

I drifted aimlessly among strange islands, islands of stacked barrels containing apples and pears, all surrounded by a tideway of cobble stones. Before my nose, and above my head the golden mist shrouded everything. Everywhere were the shouts of the natives of these islands, realistically unintelligible; everywhere whistles, shrill or sweet, giving strange calls. . . . It was as though an invisible aviary were piping out salutes to the morning. And around me, behind me, in front of me, shrouded sunward by the golden veil and in other directions by the grey mist, were answering calls from van-tops and clatterings and clankings of chains, as someone or other of these vague vehicles came to a stop and unloaded at the islands.

That long line of traffic drifted, it seemed miraculously, to its right ports of call. And the mist still hung over everything.

Presently I found myself beyond the islands in a narrow lagoon where it seemed there was only silence. And out of the silence something loomed large in the fog which was grey-black here. I was not alert enough to avoid a collision. Strong arms received me and turned a light upon me.

"You couldn't hear me comin', sir? . . . No. It's these rubber heels. All the chaps on night duty wear 'em. But thank Gawd I'm goin' off now. Nowhere I can direct you? Well, good mornin', sir."

The policeman had slipped off into the impenetrable blanket.

He was utterly lost ere I found words to call out: "Yes, you can! Yes, you can!"

But he did not come back. The mist soaked up my words like so many atoms.

"Which-way-do-I-go-for-the-Strand?" I called out despairingly, but even the echo was sodged—as waterlogged as a wet blanket—by the all-pervading mist.

Thus, I strolled on helplessly, feeling the damp of the pavements eating insidiously into the soles of my boots. The narrow way took me round to the right. . . .

It seemed that I must have been drifting into vague concentric circles for a countless space of time, when a "hunk-hunk," like a fog-horn, sounded near me.

I am not by any means a Gama, but it seemed that only a shadow came in contact with me. And there was that "hunk-hunk" again.

"No use sounding the fog-horn when the collision's over, I s'pose," said a gruff voice, when I had discovered that the supposed shadow was in reality a man.

But all the same he did it again. The sunbeams were beginning to get the mastery, and I could see his poor, pinched face.

"This 'ere," he said in accents as rough as a nutmeg-grater, "this 'ere is reg'lar death to me. . . . Bellows wrong you know. . . . "

He broke into a fit of coughing, finishing up with a squeaky wheeze that was almost ludicrous.

"The asthma," he said vaguely. "Tried everything for it. Costs me shillin's a week for blottin'-paper cigars de joy and in'alin' 'erbs. There's no cure, though. Pretty 'opeless when your bellows is wrong. No use. . . . "

He drifted off also, muttering wheezily: "No use; no use."

But the veil of the fog was rent now, and the sun's golden cavalry was cutting up its broken formation.

Only wisps hung uncertainly, and like Life's fantasies they silvered a moment, and were gone. Thinning, tenuous festoons straggled above the big dripping buildings. I cast my idle glance on to the drying pavement. When I looked up to the sky again, I saw it was blue.

"Fine day after all, guv'nor," said an urchin, and annexing a stray apple that had fallen, I presume from some market cart long since passed, he dived into an alley way, and was lost to view.

The clear course was before me. I quickened my pace, for in a busy, hurrying, wide-awake world it is not good to drift.

GENTLEMEN.

The man who gives up his seat in a tram-car to a lady, even if she is old and ugly or a suffragette, and who takes off his hat to her with as much courtesy as if she were a princess.

* * *

The man who is quiet and unassuming but is always on the spot when there is an opportunity for doing a kindness or a courtesy, and does it as if it were the most natural thing on earth.

* * *

The man who never speaks ill of a friend, even behind his back.

* * *

The man who never tries to appear wealthier than he is and who yet never pleads poverty.

* * *

The man who is clean in person, thought, and speech.

* * *

The man who never makes you feel ashamed of yourself and has a good word to say for everybody.

* * *

The man who feels at ease in all classes of society, and can be all things to all men.

GENTS.

The man who is enormously genteel when he is with his best girl, or when he wants to create an impression, but who forgets all about it when he is in the bosom of his family or among strangers.

* * *

The man who wears a sham diamond tie-pin, a collar that gives him a stiff neck, and boots that cause him excruciating agony and smokes a cigar that he cannot afford *out of doors*, when he would not think of doing so in his own rooms.

* * *

The man whose idea of supreme enjoyment is an evening "up West" or "knocking round the town."

* * *

The man who throws his weight about in a restaurant and treats the waiters like dirt. No doubt he is paying them directly or indirectly, but in all probability someone else is paying him.

* * *

The man who talks slang to a lady under the impression that he is making her think what a dog he is.

* * *

The man who swaggers around in a "topper" on Sundays, but spoils the effect by wearing a lounge suit with it.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON BOTH.

By ARTHUR COLLINS
(Captain of the Fulham F.C.).

It is almost a truism to say that a game of football is entirely made up, from start to finish, of attack and defence. There is no man, actively occupied in the game, who is not doing either one or the other. So that the keen footballer who can make himself a master of attack or defence, or both, is bound to take a prominent place in the world of football. If he is an attacker, he will be a forward; if he is a defender, his sphere will be in the back line, and if he combines the two enviable qualities, he will make a first-class half-back.

It has, therefore, struck me that a few hints from my not inconsiderable experience of the Association game, dealing with the niceties of attack and defence, may be acceptable to a large proportion of the readers of this paper.

METHODS OF ATTACKING.

Take, first of all, attack. It is the primary duty of the attacker to make ground, therefore he must be fast and a clever dribbler. He must not concern himself so much to put in fine pieces of individual work as to do what he thinks will take his side furthest—and *quickest* down the field.

Passing runs, therefore, should be the staple of the forward's work. The outside winger, when he gets the ball, should dash away with it, keeping as near as possible to the touch line, for the very good reason that in this way the opposing half-back who is marking him will have a greater distance to travel to get at him, and will be forced, moreover, to run diagonally. Then, when the half has at last managed to get within a working distance of him, the wing man should deftly and apparently unthinkingly touch the ball with the outside of his foot and send it nicely to the feet of his inside man. The latter, if he is worth his salt—or, at any rate, his place in a good team—will have learnt by long practice exactly when to expect such a transfer of the ball, and exactly the right position in which to take it.

COMBINATION.

The forward line will, by now, not be far from the enemy's goal line. The inside man who is now "in possession" is probably not so fast as his winger, but he makes up the deficiency in this respect by wariness and cunning. The opposing defence is getting slightly flurried, and concentrates on that particular wing, so the inside man passes—not to his centre-forward, but preferably right across to the inside man on the other wing.

Now observe what happens. The opposing half who has been marking the centre-forward dashes to take the other inside man, who promptly sends the ball to his centre. The latter is now unmarked, and he puts in a raking shot at one corner of the goal.

DUTIES OF THE DEFENCE.

Let us hope it scores; but even if it doesn't the forward line have reason to congratulate themselves on a really fine piece of attacking.

The foregoing description is not pure imagination. I have thought it out with care; and in my humble opinion it ought to give keen footballers a good idea of how to turn themselves by combination into an efficient attacking machine.

Turning to defence, we find that the whole art of this lies in preventing the enemy's forwards from making any good use of the ball once they have secured it; and, secondly, to take it from them.

Defence is, of course, divided between the backs and halves. The players split up their attentions towards the forwards as follows.

The centre half-back takes the entire responsibility, *pro. tem.*, for the movements of the opposing centre forward, the wing halves marking the inside forwards, leaving the outsides more or less to the tender care of the backs. The wing halves should, however, relieve the backs in a measure even here, by keeping an eye, as far as possible, on the outside forwards as well. But as we have shown above, this is *not* always possible.

HALF-BACKS AND THEIR WORK.

What we have already said about attacking applies almost equally to the halves as to the forwards, for when the forwards have the ball, the halves are attacking, too; and when the backs are in trouble, the ever-active halves are back with them assisting in the work of defence.

Just as we have described a passing run by the forwards, so we will attempt to give an idea of defensive work by the halves and backs.

The forwards are in possession of the ball, and move down the field dribbling and passing. The halves go out to meet them. Perhaps one forward allows the leather to get just a little too far away from him. A half-back is on *him*—not the ball—like a hawk. The ball rolls past, and while he is kept off by the half, one of the backs loses no time in sending it to his own forward line.

"BOTTLING-UP."

Perhaps the most concise way of summing up a good defensive plan of campaign is to say that it consists in systematically "bottling-up" the forwards.

A combination of worrying tactics on the part of the halves, and bustling charges on the part of the backs, is considerably more than half the making of a strong defence.

ARTHUR COLLINS.

AN EASY SHAVE.

To make shaving pleasant it is essential that you should apply the razor in the right way.

If you were given a scythe, and told to cut some grass with it, you would not point the edge of the blade towards the grass and scrape along the surface of the earth in that direction.

A man should remember this when shaving. Do not hold the razor at right angles to your face, but keep it as flat as possible, so that you can cut the stubble without unnecessarily scraping the skin.

STRIPPED OF THE TINSEL.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE ACTOR'S PRIVATE LIFE.

I remember a distinguished actress once deprecating to me in the strongest terms the modern fashion of leading actors and actresses going much into Society.

She pointed out, and I think with truth, that if a player wishes to keep his popularity he must preserve that glamour which surrounds him when on the stage. He must be something of a mystery, or he ceases to interest the public.

The kind of actor who is to be found in Society's drawing-room appeals mainly to Society people, and Society is not going to pay half-a-guinea a stall to see a man when they can watch him go through most of his tricks for nothing in private.

So far as the average Thespian is concerned, however, the public knows little of him away from the stage. How do they live, these thousands of more or less unknown actors and actresses?

The actor is often depicted as leaving the theatre to sup with some titled victim of his fascinations, the actress as driving away in my lord's motor-car or brougham.

Certainly, foolish ladies sometimes fall in love with actors, and minor actresses and chorus girls are sometimes kept in gilded vice by opulent admirers. But if you take the average touring company, midnight finds its members scurrying "home" to dingy lodgings there to feast on cold sausages or sixpenn'orth from the ham and beef shop.

The life of the touring player is inexpressibly squalid. Golf has done much for the provincial actor, but still hundreds of them spend their days after this fashion:

Rise about eleven. A perfunctory wash (no bath) and a whisky-and-soda. Stroll down to the stage-door for letters. Probably there aren't any, and if there are they could wait till evening, but theatrical convention demands the midday call for letters. Gin crawl from twelve to three. Heavy dinner, followed by heavy sleep. Stimulants. Performance and more stimulants. Indigestible supper. Bed.

The women lead much the same existence.

The average provincial player leads an unwholesome life. He is ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-lodged, and haunted always with the dread of finding himself "out of a shop."

What of the established West-End favourites? Some, as I have hinted, affect Society, and in private life ape the manners and customs of a class to which they do not belong. Others are genuine Bohemians.

While the average actor carries the mark of his calling on him, there are a good many whom you would never suspect of being connected with the stage were you to meet them in private life.

They rent snug suburban villas, pay their bills regularly, and live in every way like ordinary people, save for the necessarily late hours they keep.

A well-known actor drops the theatre when he leaves the stage-door and becomes a devoted landscape painter. Another celebrated actress thinks far more of her embroidery than of any stage triumphs.

There are one or two actors and actresses who will not on any account admit interviewers to their homes, and never talk "shop."

They are admirable people in every way, but the average London player stripped of the tinsel is a poor creature, inordinately vain and greedy of flattery, always posing, frequently given to tippling, careless of the truth, and singularly undignified (and, for reasons already explained, obtuse) in the way he lets the public see him without the glamour of the stage.

R. T. BURTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

WRECKAGE

By R. D. CROMBIE.

In a small room in a dingy London tenement a woman of the streets was reading from Shelley aloud.

She was a woman long past the stage of fashionable bedecking. She was unsightly to look upon. A great many persons would have turned their eyes from her.

Powder lay thick on her sagging, lead-coloured cheeks. Her eyes were black, hard, and desperate. It was easy to tell from her mouth that she drank. And she was reading from Shelley aloud.

She read in a flat, heavy, unmusical voice, pausing at the end of each line, and apparently without understanding of the meaning of the words she uttered. Every time the sick man on the bed coughed she transferred her gaze from the book to his face, and waited till the paroxysm was over.

Each time he patiently fought back to recovery, smiled with twisted lips, and signified by the feeble movement of a hand on the dirty quilt that she was to resume.

He was undoubtedly a very sick man. His face was all greyness and shadow. The cheeks were so emaciated that the angle of the jawbone was skeleton-like. Only his eyes betrayed any vitality, and they shone with the pinkish, brilliant glitter of high fever.

"'*Leave me not!' cried Urania; her distress*
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met
her vain caress."

The woman was silent for a full minute, watching the man.

When the attack was over, she leaned forward and wiped the flecks of bloody foam from his chin with a handkerchief. Then she raised the book again.

"'*Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again,*
Kiss me so long as but a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else
survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive.'"

She broke off quite suddenly, staring at the page.

He spoke.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked. And his voice was gentle, inexpressibly so.

"'Heartless breast,'" she said, "'and burning brain.' My God, it's a bit on the raw, ain't it? Might ha' been written for us."

She stood up and crossed quickly to the fireplace, going on her knees and replenishing the fire with bits of coal taken from the scuttle with her fingers.

She was longer over the task than was necessary.

When she rose and turned there was an expression of stubborn purpose on her face.

"I can't put up with this no longer," she said. "I can't sit still and see you die before my eyes. I'm going to fetch a doctor and see if there's anything *he* can do."

She was at the door when his voice arrested her.

"Madge," he said gently. And then—"*Please.*"

She went back to him reluctantly.

She stood at his bedside with no change of countenance until he reached for and took one of her hands. Then her bosom heaved, and the movement of her throat showed that she was swallowing.

"I must," she said. "I can't bear it, straight I can't."

"It won't do any good," he said. "It won't really, Madge. Don't make a trouble of it, there's a dear girl!"

"I'm going to fetch a doctor," she repeated in exactly the same tone as before.

"Who's going to pay him?"

She did not answer.

"And there is nothing he can do for me. Nothing. I'm all right left alone. All right—with you to look after me."

She shook her head, in denial of that. But her hand locked convulsively over his.

"I'm going to fetch a doctor," she said for the last time, and went out.

When the doctor came she left the room while he was making an examination, but he saw her again on emerging into the dark and smelly passage outside.

She pulled wide the door of another room—evidently where she had been waiting and listening—and stood back, tacitly inviting him to enter.

She closed the door and stood holding the handle, her eyes fixed on the doctor's in mute questioning.

"He's in a bad way," said the doctor. "Very bad."

"It's consumption, ain't it?" The words cost her an effort.

"Yes."

"Can he get over it?"

"No."

"Will he live—long?"

"He might linger another week or two. But he's practically at the end."

"You mean—he's going to die?"

"Yes."

He eyed the woman with some curiosity as she suddenly pressed the back of her hand to her forehead and let it fall again. She looked dazed.

"What is he to you?" he asked her kindly. "Your husband?"

She shook her head.

"A friend only?"

She misunderstood him.

"No," she said, hoarsely. "He ain't that. He ain't what you think. He ain't like anything any other man has been to me. He's just——"

The words were strangled in her throat.

"He's just—the man—I love," she whispered.

She began to fumble hurriedly in her pocket.

"It was only a week ago—I got to know him," she added spasmodically. "I couldn't stand his coughing no longer, and went in—to curse him. I didn't curse him, though. I——"

She brought out a purse, and was opening it when the doctor's hand prevented her.

"Never mind about that," he said. "If you have anything to spare reserve it to spend on him. And, by the way, if he has any relations or friends, they ought to be communicated with."

"He's got nobody in the world," she said. "Only me."

And, with a sort of tragical dignity, she opened the door for him to pass out.

* * *

When she entered the sick man's room his eyes fled instantly to her face.

He smiled as she came forward; the twisted, rueful smile which yet held so much more of pity for her than for himself.

"That's over," he said practically. "Now sit down, and let's forget all about doctors and their fuddle-headed notions. The man said I should die. Well, we both knew that, didn't we? Everybody has to die at some time or another, and what especially counts at the moment is that we're both alive and——

"Why, dearest, whatever is the matter? . . . *Don't!*"

She had sunk on her knees by the bedside, with arms flung out in front of her, and was violently sobbing.

They were sobs which shook her, which racked her savagely in every limb, which tore her being to pieces.

She could not control them. She shed no tears. She lay, a shuddering wreck of a woman, devastated by misery.

And the other broken thing, the man who loved her, spoke soothing, gentle words in the endeavour to comfort her, until he himself was caught up in the agony of her abandonment, and cried out aloud on her to be silent, for her suffering was greater than he could bear.

At last she quietened and became still, except for an occasional long, shuddering sigh; and his hand rested on her hair.

And soon, as it would seem, a stillness with something dreadful in it spread also through the dim, squalid, candle-lit room, affecting them so that they looked at each other with eyes gradually fixing with fear.

"What is it?" he asked her at length, in a whisper.

"I don't know," she whispered back. "It's like—as if—there were shapes in the room."

"The shadows of the past," he said.

"Our sins," she whispered.

"They want to separate us," he said. "Put your arms around me."

"They sha'n't separate us!" she said desperately. "They sha'n't!"

The touch of each other removed all intangible terrors to a distance. They spoke no word for a long time.

He had an attack of coughing, and she wiped his lips, and then gathered the frail, wasted figure to her breast again.

"One week," she said at last. "Only a week! It ain't much in a whole life-time, is it?"

"Some have nothing," he said.

"And such a life-time!" she said.

She had a spasm of impotent anguish.

"The foul thing I have been," she said.

"Hush," he answered gently. "God made us. God knows. . . ."

"Do you believe He does?" she asked after a time.

"I love you," he said. "Love comes from God."

"Does it?" she said; and then with a low wail of anguish—"Oh, if we had only met before."

She said it several times, and shed bitter tears.

"It seems like mockery," she said, "to have only one week. After all that has been. After all of it."

"It has brought us together in the end," he said—"and I am glad. After storm. After wreckage. After being lost. Through sin and tribulation—to you. It was worth it."

"Worth it," she repeated. "I that am what I am."

"You that are what you are," he said, "whose heart the world has not seen."

* * * * * * *

After he was dead she took up his beloved Shelley, and in one place read:

"*The one remains, the many change and pass:*
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows
fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!"

* * * * * * *

And she thought it told her what to do.

TWO VIEWS OF THE WORLD

(I have pleasure in presenting these two articles to your notice. The second was written at my request by Mr. Bruce, in order to show that though Mr. Cooper's article contains many truths, it does not contain all of them.

—THE EDITOR.)

THE PESSIMISTIC.

One might quote many poets with regard to the world—both for and against—but, although quotations are in many cases interesting, they would not be suitable here, for poets are notoriously unpractical people, and what they have to say regarding the world has been said either in spleen or in unwarranted exuberance.

The calm, unemotional writer of prose can, on the other hand, discuss the world as he finds it, without unduly emphasising its merits—if it has any—and without exaggerating its faults.

EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY SELFISH.

If you say that the world is selfish, you have said practically all that can be said about it. It is selfish from first to last, selfish from birth to death.

The child is selfish. Its mother has to gratify its every whim to prevent it from crying itself into convulsions.

When it grows up a little, it resents its playthings being used by any other child, and it resents the very insinuation that any other man is stronger than its father, or that any woman knows more about the neighbours than does its mother. It does not squabble and fight for these points because of its love for its parents, but only because they are, in the childish estimation, a matter for vain glory, and because the fame of the parents in these respects reflects fame upon, and gives satisfaction to, the child.

As the child grows to manhood or womanhood, its character does not change in the essentials, although it does in minor details. The same selfishness remains.

The young woman, observing a new hat on the head of a girl friend, remarks to her companion: "I didn't know that the sales had begun so early!"

HOW THEY LOVE EACH OTHER!

To that same girl friend she uses many loving expressions, and punctuates her statements with the word "dear," but if you want to make a girl like you, the quickest way to set about it is to say that her best girl friend has such a *kind* face, the inference being that it is not a pretty one.

Attractive to the opposite sex, girls undoubtedly are, and they will always remain so, but they are never attractive to their own sex, although most girls pretend to have a sincere affection for many other girls.

This pretence is simply the outcome of the selfishness of which I have spoken. They pretend these things because they want to be considered loving and affectionate, such a nature being held as part of the character of really nice girls.

Young men are no better. They are equally full of pretence. A man boasts of the athletic prowess of his friend, not because he wants that friend to be appreciated, but because he wants to be appreciated himself, as being a companion of such a man. It is when you find a young man speaking of someone whom he does not personally know, but who beats him in his own sport, that you get near the truth; in his opinion then the stranger is guilty of fouls, his particular sporting talent is merely a gift and no credit to him, and all the rest of it.

As time goes on, and these people marry, it is much the same.

To her lady friends the young wife speaks of her husband as the very beau-ideal of conjugal dutifulness; to his face she speaks of him in a different way.

I do not dislike women more than I dislike men, but the feminine character is usually more easily read, and the shallowness of the world is more evident in it.

Take, for example, the woman one meets in a tramcar. The car is full, and there is not one single seat available.

Nevertheless a woman enters, and although she sees that all the seats are taken up, it does not for a moment strike her that she ought to take her place on top. She remains inside, and waits for a man to give her his seat. You get up and say: "Will you take my seat, madam?"

NO WORD OF THANKS.

Presumably because she supposes that silence is a part of dignity, she does not make any reply, but takes your place as if she had an absolute right to it, and almost as if you had been criminal for being there before her.

In business it is the same old story. The simplest illustration that I can give is hotel life. The hotel servants touch their hats and are most obsequious to you in the expectation of a substantial tip, but if the tips you give them are insignificant, the next time you go to that hotel you will find that their courtesy has vanished.

It is exactly the same in other aspects of business life. While you are on the crest of the wave of prosperity, firms and individuals wait upon you and offer you every courtesy, but once meet with disaster and they disappear like flies in a thunderstorm.

Even in death, the meanness of the world is evident. How many wealthy fathers are genuinely mourned by the sons who have been waiting for their shoes and their shekels?

THE LUST OF SORROW.

It might be said that in the humbler walks of life there is more genuine emotion. The elaborate funerals given by English working-class people to their relatives might be supposed to indicate much grief. Generally these funerals are but the evidence of the expenditure of part of the money received from the burial society subscribed to by the deceased from his or her earliest years. Also, an elaborate funeral is calculated to annoy and impress the neighbours, and, moreover, the women following the body to the grave are experiencing a strange pleasure in being in the focus of a self-centred emotional limelight. They are, for the moment, queens of sorrow, and lusting in the pleasure of it.

DAVID COOPER.

THE OPTIMISTIC.

A man's best meal is, I suppose, his dinner. Some of it consists of things that he eats with salt, and other things he eats with sugar. If all the dishes were salt, or if all the dishes were sweet, he would consider it a very unsatisfactory meal, and that is how it is with life.

There are unpleasant things in life, but they only serve to make the pleasant things brighter.

If any man is a pessimist, I should advise him to ride or cycle or run until he is out of breath for that will do the liver good, and I believe that liver complaint and pessimism go together.

MIND AND BODY.

A man is not all mind, any more than he is all body. The one reacts on the other, and I think that the pessimists forget the body altogether.

Who at the end of a bout with the gloves, or at the end of an afternoon's riding, can possibly feel malignant, even to his worst enemy?

Green fields, smiling and daisy-spangled, may seem dark and dreary if you look at them through smoked spectacles, and a man's view of the world depends in the same way upon how he looks at it. If he finds himself taking a dark view of things the chances are ten to one—to use a sporting phrase which he will probably resent—that half-a-crown spent on a visit to his doctor would be a good investment.

A man who wears a perpetual grin of happiness on his face is often an idiot, and in most cases he is a person who does not have to struggle very hard for a living, but the man who always wears a scowl is just as much out of the running.

Mr. Cooper deals to some extent with the quality of selfishness, particularly as shown in young women. I have often met selfish young women, but I have always done my best to avoid meeting them a second time.

THE RIGHT GIRLS.

The girls whom I am in the habit of meeting are of the kind who brighten life because of their unselfishness.

I could mention cases where I have known girls working hard and denying themselves luxuries in order to help somebody else, but such cases are within the knowledge of most people.

As for sport, one has only to think of the case of well-known sportsmen who have gone under and to whose assistance their friends have rallied most loyally.

In sport, as in life, a man's vindictiveness and all his other qualities come out, and are developed or altered, but even in the roughest game of Rugby you have not at the end of the match the faintest atom of malice towards any member of the opposing team.

I do not wish to lay on the sugar too strongly or to say that life is altogether pleasant because that would be as untrue as to say that it is altogether despicable. I merely desire to show that there is another aspect to the view taken by Mr. Cooper.

If life were exactly as he depicts it, and nothing more, I should scarcely care to live it, nor should I find much enjoyment if there were no salt in the mixture and everything was sugary sweet.

What I like and what I want is simply life as it is—kind and unkind, good and evil, generous and selfish—just life.

M. BRUCE.

OUTSIDERS IN THE ARMY.

OFFICERS WE COULD DO WITHOUT.

It has always been the proud boast of the British Army that it is officered by gentlemen, and in the great majority of cases this is true.

Of course, there are exceptions. Rich outsiders are sometimes to be found in crack and expensive regiments, where a man must have considerable private means to be able to go the pace. At the same time, the fact that an officer is poor or comparatively poor by no means makes him a gentleman. There are cads in ordinary line regiments, where the man with more than £300 a year over and above his pay is an exception.

THE AVERAGE OFFICER.

Still, it may safely be said that the average Army officer is a gentleman in the good senses of that much abused term. He is a gentleman by birth, accustomed to good society, and thoroughly at his ease in it. He has traditions of honour and chivalry to maintain: in short, though not an aristocrat, his good birth gives him a strong sense of *noblesse oblige*.

He is a gentleman by nature, brave, modest—for no sensible person takes his occasional "swagger" seriously—serene in victory or defeat, master of himself, and a just and considerate master to others.

He is a gentleman in the sense that he does not have to work for his living. He is not rich, but he can afford to adopt such an ill-paid profession as the Army.

He goes into it in pursuance of family tradition, and because he has the soldier's instinct. There are drab as well as bright sides to the Army; and the monetary rewards are so small that the average officer must be a soldier at heart, or he would never stick it.

LIVING ON THE PAY.

He also goes into the Army because he knows he will be among his own class, in a way that he would not be if he went, say, into business.

Such men are the backbone of the commissioned ranks. But there are others who, although officers, are not gentlemen, and their number is increasing.

The attention which has been focussed on the Army of recent years has pointed out to a certain type of man that in one or two branches of the Army, as for example, the Royal Engineers or Army Service Corps, a man can practically live on his pay from the start, while even in a line regiment if he can hold out for a few years he may be able to obtain a paying billet.

It is not pretended that the Army is a money-making profession, as medicine or the law are to the lucky ones, but still to the middle and lower middle class man it is not without financial inducements.

SELFISH AND SORDID.

To the sons of parents who are on the fringe of good society, the pay of the Army seems almost good. But what appeals to them more is the prospect of a recognised social position.

They imagine that because a commission legally confers upon its holder the title of gentleman, they have only to obtain one to become gentlemen.

They come into the service not because they have the slightest "call" towards it, but simply for what they can get out of it—just as so many women take to nursing as a livelihood, and not as a high and honourable duty.

From first to last the aims of these men are selfish and sordid, and it is no wonder that they make bad officers and work mischief.

Their relations with their brother officers are unhappy. They have entered a class above them, and they know it, and they know the others know it.

They are not at their ease in mess life; they have always to be thinking whether they are "correct"; they are fish out of water, and it is not surprising if they often become soured, envious, and disappointed men.

FISH OUT OF WATER

They thought that His Majesty's commission would magically transform them into something which they are not, and never could be, and they take disillusionment badly. Their relations with their men are no more fortunate. They have not the instinct and habit of command, and they cannot draw the line between arrogance and familiarity.

They either treat the men like dogs or try to "suck-up" to them, and Tommy no more likes the would-be "pally" officer than the schoolboy does the master who wants to be a kind, big brother to him. Tommy is no fool. He knows the difference between the sham and the real gentleman, and he will not have the pinchbeck article at any price.

A manly man, let alone a gentleman, finding that he had mistaken his vocation, that he had intruded where he was out of his element, would quietly withdraw and try to find his proper sphere.

BECOMING A TERRITORIAL ADJUTANT.

But not so with the type of man I have in mind. The Army is his bread-and-butter, also his sole hope of social advancement. Sometimes he kicks up a stink, and publicly abuses the class into which he had forced himself, but more usually he clings on limpet-like, until he secures some soft billet, the more easily that everybody is anxious to get rid of him.

A Territorial adjutancy is often his mark. A Territorial adjutant is a bit of a king, and he can take it out of his subordinates for all the cold-shouldering and polite snubbing that he has endured in the Regulars.

I was dining recently with a Territorial regiment which had an adjutant of this type. He was not a gentleman; various little solecisms betrayed him; but he was very much a tin-god almighty.

He appeared to regard it as an impertinence if a subaltern spoke to him or even if he ventured to open his mouth at all, and if he got a chance of giving anyone an official rap over the knuckles, he took it.

He was an outsider, making the most of a little brief authority. Incidentally I learned that he was a bad drill, and cordially disliked by both officers and men. Also that he was a very poor man, practically dependent on his pay.

I am not blaming him for that misfortune, but the whole point is that at present the Army is not a money-making profession—whether it should be made so is another matter entirely.

EXCEPTIONS.

As things are, however, the man who enters the Army for a bare livelihood or social advancement seldom makes a good officer. Harassed by want of reasonable means, uncomfortable in his environment, he is apt to develop into a snarling barrack-room lawyer, a bully whenever he gets the chance, or a cringing toady.

There are a few officers in the Army who are entirely dependent on their profession, and who never let anyone else become aware of the fact, and who yet bear neither malice nor envy towards their more fortunate fellows, or grouse about the system that makes it so difficult for them to make both ends meet. But they are men of a different stamp, and all honour to them!

"CHINSTRAP."

THE MAN NEXT DOOR.

HOW HIS SPORTING INCLINATIONS TRY THE NEIGHBOURS.

If statistics showing how many men are made miserable by unsuitable neighbours could be published, the result would undoubtedly be startling. In taking a new house, a prospective tenant might well inquire into the ways and peculiarities of his future neighbours.

Doubtless the first question he would ask would relate to the number of musicians in the road, but a sportsman would not fail to inquire into the nature of the pastimes favoured by the men in the vicinity.

Of course, it must be acknowledged that sportsmen are a bit of a nuisance occasionally. A muddy football soaring over the garden wall is never a very desirable happening, and a sudden gunshot, even though the bullet is carefully aimed into the ground, is not calculated to inspire a feeling of safety in the breast of any elderly lady.

The cricketing man, be he ever so considerate of his fellows, cannot resist the temptation of testing a new bat, and the broken glass of someone's favourite conservatory is usually the first boundary to be scored.

The cyclist, too, has his little weaknesses. Perhaps he is rather proud of his new bell or, worse still, a loud-voiced hooter. He may commence experiments on a new acetylene lamp, and if he omitted to inquire into the secrets of the special make he purchased, his neighbours are very soon made acquainted with the odour of his carbide.

The present writer remembers once living next door to a tub-thumper, or, in more polite English, a speaker in public spaces. This gentleman conducted weekly rehearsals in his garden, and occasionally entertained his similarly-minded brethren.

The man who continually douses his lawn with a hose is often kind enough to water your own also, with disastrous results to anyone who happens to be taking a short constitutional at the time.

The person who allows his garden to be overrun by small boys is only equalled by the individual who, in a small space, attempts poultry-farming or develops a love for rabbits.

Taking all points into consideration, the only person who cannot be hauled over the coals for some weakness is the man who uses his piece of ground for the purpose it was originally designed for. The gardener is, from the neighbours' point of view, the most harmless of enthusiasts.

J. CARDEN.

EVADING RAIDS

SOME OF MY DODGES DESCRIBED.

By A GAMBLING CLUB MANAGER.

As everybody knows, the greatest bugbear of the proprietor of a gambling club—especially in the West End of London, where such places are to be found in abundance—is the police.

Consequently it is easy to understand that a man in my position has to keep his brains always busily working to devise ingenious schemes for deluding them—for the wily officials are always on the look-out for a chance to raid a gambling club. It looks well in the papers, and shows they are doing something.

IN A MIXED CLUB.

I well remember the time—a good many years ago now—when I used to conduct a mixed club. I have requested the Editor not to print my name for very good reasons, so I don't mind admitting that it was a pretty sultry place. Well, we used to have card parties in our club, and—I am still speaking frankly—the large number of smartly but scantily-dressed women present used to stand behind players and signal the nature of their hands to any favourites of theirs who happened to be in the game. Oh, there's no doubt about it, our club was a *very* warm proposition.

Naturally, the police were not long in smelling a rat, and every night they used to swarm around the house like a pack of hungry wolves.

So I hit on a very leery dodge for tricking them.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

I posted my most trusted attendant at the door with a large supply of hymn-books. When any member came in, the Cerberus—who knew them all by sight—gave him or her a hymn-book with instructions, in case they heard a banging at the outer door, to open the volume at such-and-such a hymn, and "sing like h——l!"

All went on without interruption for a good many nights, and I was beginning to feel almost safe again, when one evening, while a heavy game of banker was in progress, there came a tremendous clatter on the front door.

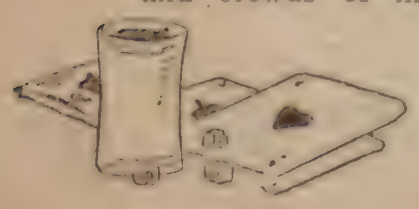
"Quick!" I shouted. "Out of the way with everything!" Money, cards, chips, every mortal piece of gambling paraphernalia went out of sight in a flash. We had some cunningly-devised secret drawers underneath the table, so that this gave us no trouble. And quicker than it takes to say the words, every man and woman had a hymn-book out and was singing like a bird—some like nightingales, but most, I must admit, like crows with a bad sore throat.

"OUR ANNUAL THANKSGIVING"

Well, you can imagine the consternation and disappointment of the men in blue when they found they had only interrupted a gang of psalm-singers. Our crowd never laughed so much as they did after the "slops" had gone away.

On another occasion I wanted to get up a fight with the raw 'uns for the entertainment of my members; but I was at my wits' end to decide how to do it, for the chosen day was a Sunday.

However, I managed to rent a room over the premises of some religious association, and crowds of men—no women this time—flocked into the house. But just as we were



going to start, we saw a large body of policemen lined up outside. The only thing to do was to admit them boldly. They inquired what we were doing, and we explained that it was "our annual thanksgiving assembly." And, will you believe it? They went away and left us alone.

R— C—.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

Many a man goes without what he can't get—and calls it self-denial.

* * *

Being respectable is all very well when you can afford to live up to it.

* * *

But most of us can't—and a good many don't want to.

* * *

When you are well off, you escape many a punch on the nose you would get if you had no money.

* * *

Charity consists of more than giving away things you don't want.

* * *

Soft roes are better than soft words. You can eat them on toast.

* * *

The man who doesn't care if it snows is always one who doesn't have to walk about all night.

PRACTICAL JOKERS.

Probably every reader of THE MODERN MAN knows one or more practical jokers, but it is fairly certain that he does not like those humorists much. For the harm that a practical joker can do, and often does, is incalculable.

Generally the practical joker indulges in alleged humour of a purely harmless, though annoying, kind, but not always.

A case in point came recently to the writer's notice. An elderly clerk with a large family received a letter, written on office notepaper, saying that his services would not be required after the end of the week, as he was getting too old. Naturally, the poor old fellow was very much upset by it, and his health suffered in a measure; but he had the sense to go to his employers and beg them to keep him on. It was then that he found that the whole thing was a cruel practical joke.

This is a true story, and such instances are only too common in real life.

SACKING STYLES.

SOME DIFFERENT TYPES OF FAREWE SPEECHES MADE BY EMPLOYERS.

I.—THE SELF-CENTRED EMPLOYER.

I—ah—called you in, Mr. Snooker, to say I shall not be requiring you after the end of month. What? Are you not satisfactory? Mr. Snooker, I'm *afraid* you're not! Where that you fail? Ah, now, I'm sorry that you as me that question, for it almost *forces* me to about myself. How old are you? Twenty-eig Hah! And what is your salary? Two pound week? *Hah!* Well, *I* was twenty-eight years ago, and at that age *I* was making hundred a year. Why don't *you* do the Mr. Snooker? I'll tell you. It's becaus What's that you say? Because *my* emplo wasn't such an old skinflint as yours? Ug! Ooph! Gr-r-r-r!! *Get out!!!*

II.—THE DIPLOMATIC EMPLOYER.

Ah, Miss Key-Klacker, just a moment, ple I take a great interest, as you no doubt are a in the careers of all my employees, and in yo no less, I assure you, than in any of the others should like to see you working happily an at a congenial means of livelihood, and ea thereby a satisfactory salary. That, I am you are perfectly qualified to do. (Raising gentle hand.) No, don't thank me. Listen say I am sure you are qualified to do it—but I equally sure that you are not doing it Doubtless, the work of this office is not in with your particular mental genius, and wha want to suggest is that you should start at o to look for more congenial work. I say at o advisedly, because—er—you will not be nee after next Saturday week. *Good* morning?

III.—THE COWARDLY EMPLOYER.

E—e—er, oh, I want to speak to you, Tomlinson. You got that letter all right from manager, Mr. Filbert, didn't you, eh? *No?* well, it's of no great importance, and I dar you'll get it in due course. (Tomlinson pa on in high hopes of a rise in his salary. Emplo goes into his room and unhooks telepho Hullo! I say, Filbert, I told you to sack T linson. Why the dickens haven't you done Do it to-night!

IV.—THE HYPOCRITICAL EMPLOYER.

Ah, my dear Dandyboy, I'm afraid you're looking as well as I should like to see you. working too hard lately, I'll swear. Now, know, I want everybody under me to be perfe fit and well, because then they enjoy their w You must go away for a week or two's holi Of *course*, your salary shall be paid while away. What? Good of me? Now, now, dear fellow, don't say a word about it. After it's only business. You'll be all the more valu to me when you come back. Take a fortnight hope you'll be completely restored to vigour then. *Good*-bye! (Aside): *When he comes he'll find somebody else sitting in his chair!*

V.—THE BULLYING EMPLOYER.

Now then, Brokely, I've got something to you. Pah? Open the window! You rec whisky! You've been drinking. What! You— How dare you contradict me, sir? Be quiet called you in to tell you that you're the man does the least work in the office, and the only who has asked to have his salary raised. then, if you're not satisfied with the work o money, *go!* I'm not making any stateme mind you, but your expenditure, in proportion your salary, makes me wonder whether you not some *other* source of income. What? dare to answer *me?* Get out before I kick out. . . . Brokely, if you *touch* that rul shout for the police! . . .

G. R. CHURC

"COPPER NOB"

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

They warned me that he would do it. He was the representative of a West of England firm noted for the excellence of its West of England cloth. Covert coats were their speciality, and within five minutes of our introduction he was measuring me for a Raglan in the drawing-room of the hotel, in the smoke-room of which I had been introduced to him.

"Your head bewrayeth you," I said, when the dizziness of it all began to leave me. "Anyone could tell you over half a county."

I felt that was the one thing left for me to do—insult him. And I had made up my mind that the traveller was not born who could persuade me to buy a thing I did not want.

Truth to tell, I did not know I wanted it until the little beggar began to talk, and, as I have said, I found myself landed with four guineas' worth before I knew where I was.

"But confound you, Mr. Cracknel," I had protested, "I haven't got four guineas to waste on West of England cloth overcoats——"

"Don't let that trouble you, sir," said "Copper Nob." "When I come round next time will do quite well. We don't worry our customers——"

"But you don't know me. How the deuce do you know I sha'n't dish you for every blessed penny of your precious four guineas?"

He looked at me very critically.

"If you will permit me to say it, sir——"

(I nodded the permission.)

"I was going to say that you won't pay me next time I come round. You may not the next after that—that brings it to near a twelvemonth. But a few weeks after the second time I see you you'll post a cheque to me, as of the firm. If you will step this way——"

"Oh, very well. I'll try one of your ——," I said, amazed that he had read me so accurately. Can you wonder, when I realised that a man I had never met before had sold me a coat of a quality I had never tasted, that I felt I had to insult him?

"Not to put too fine a point on it," I added, "you're carrotty haired——"

"N-no, not quite. Copper-nobbed," he said, genially. "Come downstairs, sir, and if you will permit me——" (again the perspiring nod)—"I'll just celebrate the addition of a new customer to our books in the usual manner. . . . This bar's got memories for me. Birmingham's a big place, isn't it? But it was in this part of all others that I once spent my last twopence of actual ready. You see, my old boss where I'd been learnin' the trade went bang, poor devil, and I got the push. After I'd spent my last two-d. here, I had to start poppin' things so as to get to London. London was all the go then in the tailorin' trade, and I knew I could use the snips a bit. So that was all right, I said to myself.

"Off I goes with a silk hat—you know, like a fourpenny rabbit, for all the world as though it was far from true that I only had on landin' about seven bob between myself and starvation. Nice, wasn't it?

"Just when I got up there I picked up a 'Tailor and Cutter' on one of the bookstalls, after manœuvrin' a bit with the 'Spectator' and the 'Sportin' and Dramatic' as though I were a nob just looked at it casual like. Spotted my job in a minute. Hector, great tailors, I read, wanted a cutter, London experience not a *sine quâ non*. I tumbled they wanted to catch a young

'un and train 'im up to their own methods These big firms do. Well, when I got outside the shop, I supposed it was pretty near a theatre. I'm fond of theatres, and this place bein' next door looked as if I should be able to chum up with the pit-box keeper when I was fairly established at Hector's.

"There isn't a theatre near Hector's? No, I know there isn't. But you see I thought the queue I saw waiting outside Hector's were matinée maniacs or somethin'. They weren't; they were applyin' for that job. They were all cutters—not necessarily with a London experience.

"Poor devils! Some of 'em seemed as if they'd never worked out of a sewer they were that horrible to look at. It hurt me. I stuck it half an hour. Not one of 'em would speak.

"We all hated one another. There was the general feelin', I think, all along that queue—hatred. The chap in front of me was the only one who seemed inclined to be civil. He was *very* civil. He said to me 'What are you goin' to ask for, by way of screw?' I said: 'Sha'n't fly too high. Two quid's about my figure.' He guffawed. 'That shops *you*,' he said. "I'm goin' to put in for twenty-five bob. You see I can ask about the biggest figure in this crowd, because I've been nineteen years in the trade, and if I ain't exactly an artist I can cut their post-order department suits well enough—and that's what they want.'

"I thanked him. 'Good mornin',' says I. 'You've saved my valuable time.'

"Well, that was lovely for London, wasn't it? I had about six weeks of it, livin' by jobbin' tailorin', when big funeral orders at a Sheeney tailor's, Soho way, made things a bit more cheerful.

"When people stopped dyin', I saw an advert. in the 'Cutter,' funniest thing you ever struck. Someone at Bristol wanted a cutter who understood every detail of the trade. But he had to have red hair.

"'Only red-headed men need apply,' it said. Wondered if I'd struck something like the Red-Headed League. Well, I had just about enough. Down to Bristol I goes, got up in full feather, like a five-bob pheasant. If colour was anything, you'll admit it looked a bit of odds on me. I got the job easily from about sixty applicants. When the manager saw my hair, he engaged me on the spot.

"'When the guv'nor sees you,' he said; 'he *will* be pleased!'

"'Well,' says I; 'I don't mind tellin' you that my old boss used to say I was a sartorial artist. Not a cutter.'

"'The guv'nor,' said he very stiff, 'left the question of the tradesman to me. He won't think of askin' your qualifications. You see, it's like this, my man, the guv'nor is auburn-haired, and he is anxious to have someone in his employ of such extreme brilliancy about the poll that his men will transfer to the said employée the name that, somewhat disrespectfully, they now apply to him. . . . They call him 'Copper Nob.'"

VERBA SAPIENTIBUS.

TO LANDLADIES:—Remember that your lodgers want you to be a mother to them—not a stepmother.

* * *

TO WASHERWOMEN:—Saws are very handy things, but the rim of a collar is *not* one of their spheres of usefulness.

* * *

TO TUBE TRAIN CONDUCTORS:—Because you stand behind, and open and shut iron gates, you are not necessarily a prison warder. And *some* warders, even, are civil.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ...	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

DANCING ETIQUETTE.

SOME SEASONABLE BALL-ROOM HINTS.

"Superior" young men think it smart to go to a dance and then to lounge about resolutely refusing to be introduced to partners, but such conduct is merely ill-bred.

Of course, you may honestly be unable to dance, but in that case you can make yourself agreeable and useful by chatting to the dowagers, taking them for refreshments, and so on.

In regard to dress, *never, never* wear a black tie at a dance, and always tie your white tie yourself. Even if you make a botch of it, it will look infinitely more gentlemanly than any ready-made combination.

A white waistcoat is quite permissible, but don't wear a watch chain over it.

Avoid bright-coloured socks, and flaming silk handkerchiefs.

Get your white gloves a quarter of a size larger than usual, and have a pair in reserve. Nothing looks worse than a split glove revealing part of a large, beefy hand.

A dance is one of the few occasions when you need not remove your glove before shaking hands with a lady. As a rule, however, on being introduced you merely bow.

Modern manners permit the abrupt question: "Got a dance to spare," but I prefer the more courtly "May I have the pleasure of a dance." If the lady assents and your respective engagements do not clash, take her programme and write down your name or initials—in the case of a stranger, put your name, as she may not have caught it when you were introduced.

Be punctual for your engagement. When you have had enough of dancing conduct your partner to some sitting out place, first proffering refreshment.

You must take her back to her chaperone or the ballroom in time for the next dance, but, having done so, you need not remain in attendance until her next partner arrives.

Engaged or spoony couples sometimes dance the whole evening together, but this is bad form, especially in the latter case. In ordinary circumstances, three dances with one lady are enough (excluding "extras"), for otherwise you are apt to make her and yourself conspicuous.

If you see a lonely "wall-flower," you may ask her for a dance without introduction, though it is more usual to ask your host to perform this office.

If there are any daughters of the house you should ask them for a dance before any one else.

It is polite, but not nowadays considered essential, to say goodbye to your hostess before leaving, at the same time thanking her for an enjoyable evening. You must call on her within a week of the dance.

Don't presume on ballroom acquaintances. A lady is not compelled to know you afterwards because you were introduced to her at a dance.

On no account stand about doorways and don't indulge in whisky until just before leaving.

If a dance appears in the programme as a two-step, dance it as a two-step or not at all. There is a growing custom among dancing men of turning every dance into a waltz, or even into some fancy dance of their own.

Never criticise the people or the entertainment to strangers; better not criticise it at all—your host and hostess have done their best to give you a good time.

And, moreover, you may find yourself addressing some member of the family whom you do not know, which leads to unpleasant complications.

Don't spend your time oscillating between the supper-room and the smoking-room.

E. H. HILL.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S LETTER.

I recently received a letter from a Glasgow reader who is a commercial traveller, and in it he was good enough to favour me with various suggestions for the improvement of the paper in a literary way; but he also made one important business suggestion, to which I gave special attention, for our friends North of the Border are very shrewd and far-seeing in all matters of business.

"THE MODERN MAN," he said, "is, in my opinion, the only readable paper, apart from the daily newspapers, and I am sure that the same would be the feeling of half the men in this country if they only knew of it.

"Commercial travellers are usually interested in sport, and nearly all of them are men to whom your paper would appeal, but almost every day I meet some other commercial who has not even heard of the existence of your paper.

"You are going absolutely on the right lines, and there is not a paper on the railway bookstalls to touch it, but you will never reap the reward of your labours till you let every man in the whole country know that THE MODERN MAN is the paper for them.

"Extensive advertising costs a great deal, I know, but I dare say the money for a great advertising campaign could easily be found, for THE MODERN MAN is undoubtedly first, so far as the sensible reader is concerned; and the rest nowhere."

WHY HE DID NOT BECOME A SHAREHOLDER.

I found this letter among my morning post on the day of a recent Board meeting, and at that meeting I read it to my fellow-directors.

"He is quite right," said one of the directors, "and I advise you to think the matter over very seriously, and to have your files searched for that other letter that you had from a reader in Northampton when the Company was floated."

I had the letter referred to looked out.

It was sent to me last June, shortly after the publication of our prospectus. A good deal of it is merely personal and friendly, and all that I propose to quote is that part in which the writer refers to the formation of this Company.

"I am not going to take any shares," he says, "because I do not think that 7 per cent. is a good enough return for an investment in a commercial undertaking. It is, I am sure, a very sound investment, but this rate of interest is not sufficiently great to tempt me.

"I notice from the prospectus that you yourself hold all the Deferred Shares, and, as all the profits, after the 7 per cent. has been paid on the shares you are now issuing, naturally goes to you as the holder of the Deferred Shares, I am not tempted to purchase.

"When I make an investment in a commercial concern, I like to have the chance of making big profits, and not only 7 per cent. If you put up the Deferred Shares for sale it would be a very different matter, but them you keep to yourself.

"Having so many readers, you will probably float the Company successfully, but those who invest in these 7 per cent. shares will not be financiers anxious for a big dividend, but people desirous of furthering the progress of such an admirable and sporting paper as yours undoubtedly is."

THE RESULT OF THESE TWO LETTERS.

In some respects this reader was right in his forecast. The Company was floated very successfully, but the shares which were offered were not all taken up.

I am determined that they shall be, and I am going to have it so by adopting a method which is, I believe, unique in the matter of finance.

The hint given to me by my Glasgow correspondent as to the advantage of immediately starting upon an extensive advertising campaign demands a great deal of money, and that money is going to be provided. It will be well spent, for I believe that a company, just the same as an individual, ought to take every possible step to make large profits at the earliest possible moment.

The money required is going to come from the pockets of you who read these lines, and it is going to come very quickly, because for the first time, I am going to allow my friends, readers, and League members, who have supported me so enthusiastically, to participate in the Deferred Shares which I have, so far, kept exclusively to myself.

It is these shares which, of course, have all the profits after the 7 per cent. has been paid on the Cumulative Ordinary Shares.

To every purchaser of one pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., I shall present, free of all charge, one of my own Deferred Shares.

I should like to impress upon you the fact that the number of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares still available is not very great, and if you desire to avail yourself of this special opportunity it will be necessary for you to apply at once.

For your convenience I am printing an application form on Page 21.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

I suppose this is a very unconventional way of dealing with a financial matter; but I thought it would be better to tell you about the inception of the idea, and all the rest of it, in plain ordinary language, instead of getting a solicitor to say very much the same thing in legal phraseology that the average man finds it difficult to understand.

I want to make it perfectly plain that I am giving one pound's worth of my own Deferred Shares for every pound's worth of the Cumulative Ordinaries now applied for. That is to say, if you buy two pounds' worth of Ordinaries, I shall give you two pounds' worth of Deferred Shares; if you buy twenty pounds' worth, I shall present you with Deferred Shares to the value of £20, and so forth.

I trust that I have made this quite plain, but if not, write to me.

WHY I MAKE THE OFFER.

The reason for my making this offer is that I am determined that THE MODERN MAN, instead of working along slowly, shall reach more rapidly that phenomenal success which I believe the paper deserves.

I also want my new partners to feel that they will get, not only the 7 per cent. on their own Ordinary Shares, but, in addition, whatever profit may attach to the Deferred Shares.

Upon the success of the paper the dividend on these Deferred Shares will depend, and, because that is so, my new partners will work for our mutual prosperity with even greater enthusiasm than has been shown by the present shareholders, for whatever profit is made will, according to their holding, be theirs.

As there are about seven hundred and sixty shareholders in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., I do not propose to circularise them in this matter, for they will see the announcement here, and to these present shareholders I would say that this is an excellent opportunity for them to increase their holding.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

POULTRY DISEASES.

THEIR PREVENTION AND CURE.

Proper feeding, cleanliness, and careful attention will generally keep disease away from the poultry-yard. Overcrowding is responsible for many ailments, more especially colds and roup.

Once a fortnight a little Epsom salts should be given in the drinking water or in the soft food; there is no more useful medicine than Epsom salts for keeping away disease.

A few crystals of permanganate of potash, sufficient to give a pink tinge, may be dissolved in the drinking water occasionally. This is excellent for the prevention of roup.

Fowls often suffer from colds. Prompt measures are necessary, or the colds will speedily give place to roup, which is very contagious, and often sweeps through a yard.

Obtain from the chemist one ounce of pure copper sulphate crystals; dissolve in ten ounces of water and add a tablespoonful of this solution to every gallon of drinking water, allowing the fowls no other water to drink. For colds there is no surer or speedier remedy.

When you see a bird with a swollen face, or hear a rattling noise in its throat, you may safely conclude it is suffering from roup. These are Nature's danger signals.

Remove the fowl from the run immediately and place it in a warm, dry coop; giving it the water to which the copper sulphate solution has been added.

Mix equal parts of gentian powder and ginger with sufficient balsam copaiba to make a stiff paste, and make into pills the size of a pea by rolling between the fingers.

Give the affected bird two pills night and morning until better. I have cured scores of cases of roup with these pills.

Liver disease is one of the commonest of poultry ailments. The birds affected mope about with pale faces and dark-coloured combs. It generally results from injudicious feeding.

The use of too much Indian corn will bring it on as also will the lack of green food.

Epsom salts is the best cure. Green food, especially dandelion leaves, should be given freely.

Going light or consumption, which is characterised by the wasting away of the tissues, is a dreadful disease, and it is useless to attempt its cure.

Kill the fowl at once and burn the carcase, as the malady is contagious and strongly hereditary.

Gapes, a disease peculiar to chickenhood, carries off thousands of young birds every year.

It is caused by a small parasitic worm which breeds in the windpipe and gives rise to the continual opening and shutting of the mouth, from which the disease gets its name. It is very infectious, and rapidly spreads through the whole flock.

A few drops of turpentine or eucalyptus oil put down the bird's throat by means of a straw or stripped feather will often effect a cure.

Scaly-leg is primarily due to a parasite which breeds beneath the scales on the fowl's legs, causing the unsightly incrustations.

Apply gas-tar or sulphur ointment until the growths drop off, leaving the new scales beneath.

Although the presence of lice can hardly be termed a disease, these blood-sucking pests debilitate the fowl, rendering it susceptible to disease, and effectually stopping egg-production.

At night, while at roost, the birds should occasionally be dusted with insect powder, and a heap of dry ashes, in which the fowls will cleanse themselves of all vermin, should be provided in a shady place.

GEORGE SCOTT.

MOST LIBELLOUS.

(Scotch readers will please observe that we do not think this story can possibly be true.)

Sandy, the Scotch sawyer, had met with an accident. He had sawn two of his fingers off, and, what seemed even worse, they fell into the sawdust and could not or would not be found.

His search was unavailing, so he pondered awhile.

Then he threw in twa bawbees and the two fingers came quickly to the top.

HEARD AT MIDNIGHT.

OLD GENTLEMAN (emerging from the Saloon Bar): "Can you tell me, m' good man, whether that's the shun or the moon shining?"

NAVVY (from the "Public"): "Can't shay shir; I'm a stranger to these parts."

HAD RISEN IN THE WORLD.

DINER: "Waiter, why is it that so many of the things on this menu have been struck out?"

WAITER: "I suppose it's force of 'abit, sir. You see, our new manager used to be one of them editors.

ASTRONOMY.

To obtain a large range of sky, the astronomer had travelled to the distant country village of Slumpkington.

He was making some splendid observations, when a countryman rushed from the door of a cottage near by.

"Turn that gun the other way," he shouted, pointing to the telescope, "We surrender. Spare us."

"My good man, I'm not the Germans," said the star-gazer. "I'm only looking at Venus through this telescope."

"That's not Venus, you fool," shouted Hayseed, "that's my wife dressing."

NOT IN PUBLIC.

MEMBER OF VISITING FOOTBALL TEAM (leaning out of railway carriage window): "Do we change here?"

HOME LINESMAN (sent to meet team): "Not 'ere, guv'nor, you change over Mrs. Jones's general shop 'alf way down the 'igh street.

FOR VALOUR.

THE OUTWARD SIGNS OF PLUCK.

Although other countries have their "V.C."—there is, for example, the Iron Cross of the Germans—the Victoria Cross is probably the most prized decoration in the world.

In England it ranks before all other orders, decorations, and medals, even before the Garter.

It is not easily to be won. Life must be saved, or the bravery shown must be of an exceptional character. Mere dash or coolness under fire will not win it—the action performed must be something outside the soldier's (or sailor's) duty—as, for example, volunteering to blow in the Gates of Delhi, for which each of the seven desperate men who undertook the task received the V.C.

Then there is the D.S.O. (Distinguished Service Order).

Unlike the V.C., this is open to naval and military officers only. It is usually given for gallantry in action of a kind not quite qualifying the recipient for the V.C., but it is sometimes given for general good work. The recipient of the D.S.O., however, must have seen active service. It cannot be earned, like the C.B. (Order of the Bath), for distinguished service in peace time.

For the rank and file the counterpart of the D.S.O. is the Cross for Conspicuous Gallantry in the Navy, and, in the Army, the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field, which may also be won by the sailor.

The foregoing decorations are open only to the Services, and now we come to some rewards for the gallant civilian.

First of all there is the Royal Humane Society's Medal for saving life, and also the Stanhope Gold Medal issued by that institution.

There is the Board of Trade Medal for Saving Life, the "V.C." of the mercantile marine.

Other decorations open to civilians are the Albert Medal and the King Edward Medal (the miner's "V.C.").

These are all non-military medals, but may be won by soldiers or sailors. The Royal Humane Society's Medal, indeed, has been won fairly often by tars or Tommies.

It is worn on the right breast, and has a dark blue riband. H. CLIFTON HARDIE.

Pipes of Quality

There is a real pleasure in possessing a pipe of the best quality, and the name alone of Bewlay is always enough to vouch for the excellence of a pipe.

Best picked briar, perfectly made, silver mounts, well-balanced and symmetrical designs—all Bewlay Patent Pipes are splendid specimens of pipe-making. Moreover, the

BEWLAY Patent PIPE

is the one through which no nicotine or tobacco-dust can reach the mouth—the pipe that enables the smoker to have a cool, sweet, wholly enjoyable smoke.

In all the best and most popular shapes, 3/6, 5/6, and 6/6. When ordering, please state shape required.

Further particulars are given in our interesting booklet, **"Pipes of All Peoples,"** sent post free.

BEWLAY & CO., Ltd., 49, STRAND.

Estd. 1760. Importers of the famous Flor de Dindigul Cigars.

The illustration below shows only a section of a Bewlay Patent Pipe to illustrate the anti-nicotine features which make it THE pipe.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAYS.

To the man who cares only for music-halls and cinematograph shows, gymnastic displays are the most boring functions imaginable. To the man, however, who has taken or is taking part in anything in the nature of a physical culture campaign, these displays are far more interesting than any string of funny men.

This is not supposed to be sarcasm—I know that many such displays prove to be gigantic frosts, but a well-conducted performance on the gymnastic lines will never fail to please the average audience of healthy people.

Some little time back I was behind the scenes at a London "rally," in which the programme was composed of gymnastic displays, interspersed by songs. The physical culture part was by far the most popular with the audience and immeasurably so with myself.

There is something invigorating and healthy about a body of strong men all performing similar actions. It braces one up and makes one long to excel in feats which call for strength, muscle, and endurance.

AN ABDOMINAL AND ARM-STRENGTHENING EXERCISE.

Commence this exercise by lying full length upon the floor with the arms stretched directly upwards.

Slowly bring the body to the illustrated position, so that the arms are practically parallel with the legs.

Keep the legs steady.

After a pause descend to the original position and bring the arms to the sides. Repeat six times.

Fold the arms upon the chest and return to the sitting position. After a pause sink back once again. Repeat this movement six times.

With the chest fully expanded, extend the arms to the vertical and raise the trunk until the upright sitting position is reached. Repeat again six times.

The series as a whole is calculated to strengthen all the muscles of the arms and trunk, especially those of the abdomen.

ROLLER SKATING.

We hear a great deal about "the other side" of rinking, but apart from the fact that rinks provide a happy hunting ground for the Johnny and the corresponding person of the other sex, I consider a slight indulgence in roller skating to be both beneficial and desirable.

After the first few visits to the rink the exercise will be found most strengthening to the ankles, while there are few exercises which, to such an extent, make for a graceful carriage.

Figure skating, too, is most excellent practice, in fact it would make a most desirable addition to the ordinary gymnastic display.

The only thing against skating rinks (as far as physical culture goes) is the stuffiness of the atmosphere.

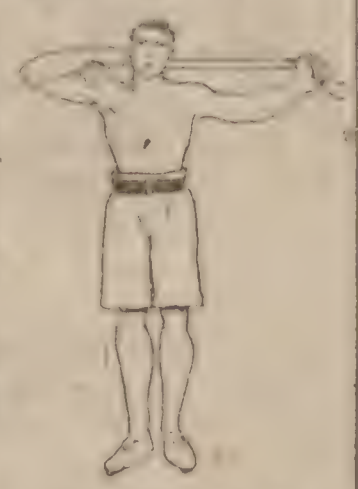
Open-air rinks would be admirable, for none can deny that the air in the great majority of suburban rinks at least is most heavily dust-laden.

FOR THE BICEPS AND WRISTS.

An ordinary bath towel of convenient length is required for this exercise.

Hold the ends, firmly grasping one with each hand. Adopt the position depicted in the accompanying illustration.

Resisting with both hands, pull the towel backwards and forwards across the back of the neck. To get the maximum of benefit the resistance should be considerable, and the exercise should be taken slowly.



Do not droop the head.

When one arm is outstretched to its full length the other biceps muscle should be completely contracted.

Carry out the movements twelve times, slowly, yet with vigour and force. Keep the head upright and do not cramp the chest. Also, be careful that the neck is not at all wet, either with water or with sweat, or the towel may take the skin off it.

OUR SLEEPING CLOTHES.

My attention has lately been drawn to an article, written by a physician, in which it is said that we should not undress when we retire for the night's rest.

Personally, although I am garbed in comfortable clothes, I know, from experience, that real rest in ordinary every-day attire is well-nigh impossible.

It is said that at night we need only remove our boots, collar, and coat. I think I should obtain about as much sleep in walking trousers as I should in mackintosh, leggings, and with an umbrella in my hand.

In the first place, disrobing at night makes for cleanliness, secondly for comfort, and thirdly (and I think Captain Saunders will agree with me in this) a pair of trousers that has been slept in would be about as smart and comfortable as a couple of sacks on the following morning.

Changing from warm underclothes into cold pyjamas may, occasionally, promote a cold, but the consequences are never serious.

Stick to the healthy method of changing everything and take no notice of crank theories. There are some professional men who will say anything for the sake of notoriety.

KNOCKING YOURSELF UP.

Walking along a deserted suburban thoroughfare last week at an hour which was nearer to midnight than a respectable time, I was fascinated by a light which journeyed from pavement to pavement at the far end of the road.

As it approached I saw that it came from the dim oil lamp of a bicycle, and the cyclist was evidently in a fairly advanced stage of intoxication.

He came to grief against the curbstone some yards from me, and I assisted him in the task of regaining a standing posture.

He was physically sttong; I could feel the muscles of his arms as I assisted him; indeed, as we walked along together, he told me that he belonged to a local gymnasium class.

But he had been "having a good time," he explained, and had just said good-bye to "the boys."

The mixture of beer, sherry, and Scotch sent fumes into his breath, and these led one to suspect that he was about to have a most uncomfortable night's "rest," to be followed by a blank morning at the office.

I know that these "nights with the boys" are with many men regular and frequent occurrences. But are they worth while?

The last to deny a man his glass of bitter, and the very last to support namby-pambyism, I must condemn this weekly or fortnightly divergence from the road to health.

Twenty to thirty drinks in a single evening—to say nothing of innumerable cigarettes—must leave their mark behind, and it is seldom that a man can feel even passable on the following morning.

Ten minutes before your train is due to start you come to your senses, bedclothes are pushed aside, clothes are thrown on, physical culture goes hang, and the very smell of ham and eggs drives you out of the front door cursing a providence that has not made you independent of work.

All this is detrimental to health, and quite apart from the unmanliness of it, it is "not good enough."

But it is not only excess of this sort that knocks a man up. Continual late nights or too much time spent in the fetid atmosphere of theatre or music-hall, irregular meals, or even excessive indulgence in athletic exercise, will all in time have the same effect.

Dr. Birley's

Phosphorus Compounds

PLAIN SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations.* A Vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.—and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, Sleeplessness, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.

IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of *great value* also as a restorative after an attack of "*Influenza*" or any debilitating illness.

SUB-IRONISED Specially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons *instead* of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, and Varicose Veins. For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Coughs, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Sore Throat, Wheeziness, Old-Age Coughs, Night Coughs, Throat and Chest Weakness. Exceptionally valuable in *safely* removing Children's Coughs. Contains no narcotics nor anything injurious. It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint. Should be persevered with for a short while after the ailment is cured because of its tonic properties.

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, &c., &c. Tones up the Digestive Organs, and increases their *natural* powers of digesting foods by strengthening the NERVES that control digestion. It sustains and fortifies the whole system.

Where, however, there is in addition, *excessive* general weakness, the Ironised or Sub-Ironised should be taken on alternate days with it.

ANTI-RHEUMATIC SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases **"Ironised"** or **"Sub-Ironised"** will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it). It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint.

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Prolapsus Ani, &c. This is not a purgative, but restores natural action by strengthening the muscular contractile power of the bowels. All kinds in three sizes, **1/1½** (3ozs.), **2/9** (9ozs.), **4/6** (16ozs.).

Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds are sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boot's, Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

THEY TREAT YOUR NERVES AS WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT.

NAP.

HOW STAKES MAY BE ARRANGED.

Nap is a simple little game, and it is perhaps to this fact that it owes much of its unequalled popularity. But one point which counts in its favour is the short and snappy length of a game. You may play nap for four hours or for ten minutes.

There is a vast difference between three- and four-handed play, a difference which has a striking effect on the possibilities of getting home on certain calls. When three are playing the caller very frequently makes, but in a four-handed game the man who sits tight and fattens on other's losses reaps a large benefit.

When a small stake is involved, the excitement of the game is greatly added to, but possibilities for shady play are by no means scarce for the man out for "making a bit."

Thus, three players may unite temporarily against the leader by allowing the lowest scorer to win. This is when playing is in tens or dozens, where accounts are made up at the end of each little set.

If, however, no one objects to a frequent pass round of coins, the opportunity for this unfair practice is at once obviated.

A stake—say sixpence—is agreed upon for each round, and the winner, whether he makes on two, three, or four, receives just the sixpence from each of his opponents. A nap call, of course, involves double stakes if won, but if the hand is not "made" only sixpences are passed round by the losing caller.

Another method is to agree upon a certain stake for a two-call, a higher one for a three-call, and so on.

Many people prefer the more complicated solo-whist, but when an enjoyable evening is looked to, concentration on the cards is not the most important point, and nap, consequently, retains its popularity.

WHEN WE "PUT OUR FOOT IN IT."

When, to explain why we did not call on Jones yesterday, we say we have been out of town for a week, and half-an-hour later remark what a lot of people there were in Hyde Park two days ago.

* * *

When Robinson asks for the loan of five shillings, and we say we haven't got it, and then offer him a drink for which we tender a sovereign in payment.

* * *

When, on visiting a friend, we thoughtlessly ask, "Who's the bearded pard in the photo over the mantelpiece?" and he answers with dignity, "That's my dear old guv'nor."

* * *

When bored at a dinner party we confide in a total stranger that the grub and everything else is rotten, to learn that he is the host's brother.

* * *

When we summon up courage to offer our girl's father a cigar, only to find that he is a non-smoker and disapproves of the habit.

* * *

When we rush up to Richardson, whom we have not seen for a year, and ask after his fiancée, to learn that she jilted him for a richer man a week previously.

* * *

When we assert in a large gathering of men that the man who marries an actress is an ass, and some chap rushes up and says that *he* did.

* * *

When we remark to a stranger that the Puddleham Rotspurs play a systematically foul game, and he remarks briefly that they were "his old club in his young days."

* * *

When a girl asks us what we want for a birthday present and we reply that we bar tasselled smoking caps to learn that that is what she has made.

RING FRIGHT.

A LITTLE RECOGNISED REALITY.

In a big boxing contest that took place not many weeks ago in London between two of England's most famous heavy-weight fighters, one of the men received a knock-out blow. But hardly anybody outside the hall—and not everyone inside—thoroughly understood how he got it, or the reasons which enabled his opponent to deliver it to him. This is how it was.

The defeated man, after sparring about for some time, received a jolt in the jaw that sent him spinning. He reeled to the ropes, but did not fall. He simply stood gripping the ropes, with his back to his adversary, who was thus enabled to give him the other swing on the side of the head that put him out.

That man was suffering from "ring fright." "Ring fright," a prominent boxing referee told the writer, is far more prevalent than people imagine, and it is a particularly complex mental disorder. It is not pure physical fear, for some of the pluckiest fighting men in the world have been known at times to fall victims to it.

It is not the same sort of nervousness that attacks little-experienced actors in the early stages of a new play. It is, perhaps, a combination of this and a gradual sapping of the moral fibre as a consequence of exhaustion and severe punishment.

It attacks a man suddenly and relentlessly. The other man assumes in a moment gigantic proportions, his fists look like enormous sledge-hammers, and at once, despite his earnest desire to fight on, the victim of "ring fright" is powerless. He stands stock-still, to be pounded at until he falls.

OATINE TOILET SOAP

10,000 TABLETS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

OATINE SOAP represents the acme of perfection in toilet soaps, being made from the very finest of materials, and contains the healing and cleansing properties of the Oat, besides the crushed husks which are usually used in the manufacture of Oatmeal Soaps. It makes a nice, soft, creamy lather which leaves the skin soft and velvety.

It is not expensive, as it lasts a considerable time, and is sold in **10d.** and **3d.** Tablets, the smaller size being known as Visitors' Tablets.

THIS TOILET OUTFIT FREE.

So convinced are we that the merits of **Oatine Toilet Soap** will ensure its universal adoption that we have decided, for a limited period, to distribute absolutely free to all taking advantage of our offer a Visitors' Tablet of this delightful soap together with a Dainty toilet outfit, as illustrated, containing samples of seven other Oatine Preparations and a Copy of our 50-page Booklet, "Beauty Hints."

Send for these to-day, enclosing 3d. in stamps (½ stamps preferred) to pay the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive the parcel by return of post.

THE OATINE CO.,

79d, OATINE BUILDINGS, BOROUGH, S.E.

Decide!

Don't drift; Decide this first month of a new year

to improve your position by taking a course of correspondence training with the International Correspondence Schools. So many men drift—and regret. Read these letters:—

"I have only been a student of your schools two months and your representative has secured me a position. I wish to express my thanks for the ready assistance. I only regret that I did not take up the course years ago, *as I should now have been in a much better position."—F. T.*

"I only wish I had known of the existence of your schools five years ago, as during this period I have been beaten for a position with an increase of salary of £60 per annum. If only I had obtained your diploma I feel confident I should not have been passed by."—A. D.

Save yourself from regrets. Start the new year right. Send this coupon NOW for particulars of the appropiate I.C.S. Course, and of our Free Service in the matter of employment. Terms to meet your needs.

"The way to better Things is the I.C.S. way."

SUCCESS COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.

Dept. 427/X International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the occupation before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....

—Electrical Engineering	—Steam Engineering	—Analytical Chemistry
—Mechanical Engineering	—Gas Power & Oil Engines	—Book-keeping and Business Training
—Mining Engineering	—Motor Engineering	—Modern Languages
—Civil Engineering	—Machine Shop Practice	—Civil Service
—Heating —Aviation	—Architecture	

Name .....

Address .....

Touching the Totalisator.

A PLEA FOR THE REAL THING.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

"Yes, I'd like to see the bloomin' lot swept away. Out 'em, the scum! Out 'em!"

Thus soliloquises the hapless backer of race-horses on the day that sees not a single favourite in the six races on the card in the estimable position of first past the post. With that little text for his sermon he sits back in the carriage and addresses the company generally on the evils of bookmaking, with footnotes on how very much better they do these things in France.

"Give the profit to the State," he says. "Legalise everything as they do in France—racing and" (he looks around for Stigginses) "and so on."

"In which case I shall have my money on the so on" someone observes brute-bestially. And that subject being so much more interesting than bookmakers, the carriage, even to its Stigginses, proceeds with it—leaving me to discourse upon the original question on my own.

THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOUR.

Now the reason I do not want bookmakers barred from race meetings is because I have been racing in France. I do not suppose that the French bookmakers' humour ever rose to anything an ounce better than that of our home products, but even without the French bookmakers Longchamps, Chantilly, and other *courses à cheval* are sad affairs.

One goes up to a box that says nothing; an inert thing that does not raise even a galling cheer when a "hopeless" outsider walks home from the fancied horses. They call it a *pari-mutuel*, and it is anglicised into Totalisator. But it is nothing of the sort. It is a wretched, cheerless piece of tantalising torture, and those who have gone and got 18 to 13 for a win about a horse only to find that friends have obtained 3 to 1 for a *place* about the same animal, will bear me out.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We are not fond of that kind of excitement in England. We like to feel that if our pal Bill Smith *has* backed the winner of the Cesarewitch it is pretty certain he has got a shade under the odds for a win and only a quarter of them for a place. It is the one consolation we have got when the following Monday is marked down in our S.P. Merchant's Russian-leather-covered diary (the sight of which should, alone, have warned us of the futility of trying to beat the bank) as a very black day.

I cannot see that the Totalisator in place of the bookmaker would benefit any portion of the community—not even the casual racegoer who, in spite of always coming off the course a bad loser, still spends his Saturday afternoon and his month's pocket-money in advance at some race-meeting within reasonable distance of town.

THE WELSHER'S USES.

No, it cannot benefit even the Jonah men on race-courses; for in these days you can always explain to the partner of your bed and board that the reason you have come home—just as you are without one plea (nor an oat either)—is that the adjective bookmaker welshed you of your winnings over the 20 to 1 chance that you had looked on, ever since the publication of the weights, as the pick of the handicap.

Another point against a Totalisator, too, is that it can give you no encouragement. It cannot say to you, "Come on! Payin' off this hot-pot." (33 to 1 offered.) "Roll up, you beggars. Money for nothin'."

A Totalisator has never been known to chink its money. It does not go to great pains to show you what you are after, so that it discourages speculation, and, as the tipster says, "if you don't speckerlate you cahn't accoomerlate." In spite of all arguments to the contrary, I will say that

you will swear more because the lack of this kind of encouragement causes you to have only a little on a winner, than you will be glad that it has prevented you from having your plunge (it matters not whether a "dollar" or a "pony" comes under that head in your vocabulary) on a loser.

A SOULLESS SUBSTITUTE.

And who could be grateful to a machine!

Yet the superlative worst of a Totalisator is that it cannot smile. When favourites are the rule it cannot, in the parlance of the big metallicians, yell out to you that there are so many more dishes to come. It cannot be cheerful under adverse circumstances for the reason that it mathematically cannot have such circumstances.

Therefore, it is impotent to display the sense of humour shown by a certain bookmaker at the last jumping meeting at Wye on the day that four favourites and two second favourites were successful out of six races.

It was in this wise. The betting on the big race of the day had opened out at 4 to 1 bar one, and the one barred was Lord Torrington's Rosevern, the subsequent winner—which was being quoted at 2 to 1 *on* when an aged yokel walked up to the aforesaid bookmaker.

CHARITY IN ADVERSITY.

"Mr. B.," he said to the redoubtable one, "I want a bit o' brass on the favourite."

"Certainly, sir. Hand us the ready."

And the Yid extended a greedy paw for a possible "pony," momentarily placing faith in the seedy millionaire fallacy.

The aged yokel withdrew from his flap-pocket a sixpence and sixpennyworth of coppers, and handed them to the bookmaker.

But he did not swear. With a charity that is beyond Totalisators he gave back the sixpennyworth of coppers. Oblivious of the fact that he was a good "century" down on the day, he said softly:

"You're on to a bob, boss. But take back the coppers. I don't want to skin you of your last ha'penny."

MARKETING ABILITY.

Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Hapgoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of Men of Special Ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

SPORTING LANDMARKS OF LONDON.

WELL-KNOWN PLACES AND SOME STORIES.

The country-dweller, when he pays a visit to the Metropolis, invariably embarks on a round of sight-seeing; but in most cases, the sights that he sees are not of a particularly exhilarating character. But presumably each man chooses his own sights according to his temperament or natural bent; the really good young man visits the free museums and the Ebenezer Chapels, and the stage-struck youth the theatres.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN, however, would be more interested in the sporting landmarks, and the stories connected with them.

Doubtless the first institution that will spring into most readers' minds is the National Sporting Club.

It is an imposing building in King Street, Covent Garden, and faces the famous market. Next to its renown as the scene of many a spirited glove contest (notably the great fight between Burns and Gunner Moir), it is interesting for its similarity to the stage-door of a musical comedy theatre; though the positions are reversed, as it were. On the night of a big fight or fights, the lady "johnny" is very much in evidence, waiting to see the brawny warriors come out.

A story is told of an inquiring youth who approached the hall porter and asked the meaning of the letters N.S.C. He turned a delicate pea-green when the waggish official answered: "Noses stained claret-colour, sir."

Another well-known boxing centre, though it occupies a very different position, is Wonderland, which is to be found lurking coyly in the Whitechapel Road. Nowadays nothing could be urged against the way in which it is conducted, both from the point of view of boxers and spectators; but it was not always thus.

At one time it was advisable to go in one's very oldest clothes, because the favourite pastime of a section of the "b'hoys" who frequented the hall was to eat stewed eels and spit the bones down the back of the neck of the unfortunate man who sat in front of them!

The keen cueist in search of instruction as well as interest wends his way either to Leicester Square or to Soho Square. In the former he finds Thurston's, one of the oldest established saloons in London. There is one very famous billiard professional who is notoriously addicted to the wine-cup, and who, on more than one occasion, has been unable to fulfil his engagements for this reason. It is he who made the famous pun to the effect that after playing in Leicester Square, he always had such a thirst on!

Soho Square is chiefly famous for harbouring Messrs. Burroughes and Watts' saloon, where Tom Reece scored so prolifically with his anchor cannons a few years ago.

The nearest racecourse to the Metropolis is Alexandra Park, close to Muswell Hill, and affectionately known to cockney sportsmen as A.P. Some punster, now forgotten, once remarked that if you want to spend an A.P. day, you should go, not to Rosherville, but to Alexandra Park.

Talking of racing, we must not forget Waterloo Station. On the day of a big race-meeting anywhere on the L. and S.W. line, you see almost every well-known face in the world of racing. Owners, trainers, and jockeys, all are there for a brief moment.

But perhaps the biggest London sporting landmark is the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush. Here Dorando lost his famous Marathon, here Halswelle, the Scottish amateur runner, was fouled by a Yankee; and here Zbysco recently earned universal opprobrium by his fear of Gama.

L. J. BEVERAGE.

Queer Companions

FRIENDSHIPS THAT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED.

"Like draws to like," says one proverb; "Opposites meet," says another, and there is truth in both. If for "like" we substitute "class," then we get at a general truth.

Sportsmen the world over are a great fraternity, gentlemen draw naturally to gentlemen, and nationalities are usually clannish, Scotsmen especially so.

But when we come to individual friendships, contrast of temperament, often of physique, is the rule.

The strong man "cottons" to the weakling just because he is weak; the big, hulking fellow's best pal is often a little whipper-snapper of a chap; the learned don finds pleasure in the irresponsible chatter of an empty-headed undergraduate; the athlete shares digs with a bookworm; the hard, business man often delights in the company of a feckless artist.

POET AND PUGILIST.

In my own little village we have long since ceased to be amazed at the enduring friendship existing between our local poet—a poet, however, whose fame is far more than local—and a retired prize-fighter.

The latter is a pugilist of the old broken-nosed school, a decent fellow, but almost illiterate, and with few, if any, ideas in his bullet-head.

The poet is physically effeminate, a bundle of nerves with a vitriolic tongue and temper, but the two are almost inseparable. Daily they walk along together, arm-in-arm, and the prize-fighter usually finishes the evening at the poet's house, where he consumes large quantities of shag and "unsweetened."

HOW STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS ARE MAINTAINED.

No, the poet does *not* read his verses to his friend, nor does the pugilist entertain the poet with accounts of former Homeric combats. They just sit or walk in comparative silence, talking when they do talk in monosyllables.

Interest in or appreciation of each other's work or pursuits does not seem to be necessary to strong friendship. One of Herbert Spencer's greatest friends was a gentleman who never read a line of the great philosopher's works, and he made no secret to Spencer of the fact.

Not having been on a racecourse for some years, I do not know whether the bookmaker and his hunchback friend are still to be seen about. But they were well known to racegoers at one time, and certainly they were a strangely assorted pair.

RACECOURSE PALS.

The bookmaker was typical of many of his class, a big, blatant, loud-voiced chap, a very animal of strength and rude health. The hunchback was a poor mis-shapen lump of suffering humanity. He took no part in his friend's business, but accompanied him everywhere. Possibly the "bookie" looked upon the cripple as a mascot.

However, I think the "bookie" had a genuine affection for his friend. Once a racecourse rough jostled the hunchback, and the next instant the "bookie" had knocked him head over heels with a heavy punch in the eye.

Political enemies are often close personal friends, though that once pleasing feature of English political life is tending to disappear with the general degradation of politics; but I once knew of an odd friendship between a doctor and a cobbler.

Apart from the disparity in their social positions, they seemed to have absolutely nothing in common. The doctor touched neither liquor nor tobacco, and heartily disliked the smell of both. The cobbler was a great smoker of coarse tobacco, and was fond of a glass.

The doctor was a Tory of Tories, the cobbler a red-hot Radical. Finally the doctor was a staunch Church of England man, the cobbler was a little Bethelite.

EXTREMISTS AS FRIENDS.

They used to quarrel violently when they visited each other, which they did every night, and parted vowing never to speak to each other again.

And they always made it up again, and neither would ever hear a word spoken against the other except by himself.

An Army officer and a chemist's assistant is a quaint combination, but it exists within my knowledge. The Army officer is retired, and first met the chemist at a boarding-house. Both bachelors, they became such fast friends that they decided to set up house together, and for years they have maintained this curious *ménage*.

Another out-of-the-way establishment within my personal experience is that kept by a sporting stockbroker and a clergyman.

WHERE "CLASS" DOES NOT COUNT.

The broker is ultra-sporting, while the parson, though no ninny, is a serious-minded man. The stockbroker spends his week-ends golfing, motoring, or gallivanting about and flatly declines to enter his friend's church. Nevertheless they agree perfectly, and think the world of each other.

Noble lords have often shown a preference for humble, not to say "low," companions, but a friendship between a lord and an ostler is surely hard to beat, more especially when it is mentioned that the lord in question is not some sporting sprig of nobility, but a grave and learned lord of the law.

He is a Scottish Lord of Sessions, and every afternoon, the day's work over, he takes a walk in a certain direction which brings him to an inn.

JUDGE AND OSTLER.

There he finds the ostler, who is more than a bit of a "character," and the two have a great crack together. The ostler is quite unaware of his friend's identity, and undoubtedly his daily chat with his humble friend is one of the grave judge's greatest pleasures in life.

Instances of strange animal friendships are common enough. Dog and cat, cat and bird, are often fast friends, while no stable is complete without a cat which generally attaches itself to some particular horse, on whose back it will sit and sleep for hours.

Horses often show marked friendships between themselves. The late King's horse, Diamond Jubilee, always had to be accompanied by a stable companion without whom he was quite intractable.

L. T. PRICE.

"MODERN MAN" COLOURS.

Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, London, E.C., with whom we arranged for the supply of the new ties in THE MODERN MAN colours, were sold out within two days of the announcement appearing, in spite of the large stock they had laid in.

Further supplies have now been received from the weavers, and all orders can now be filled. The prices are 2s. 5½d. for wide-ended ties and 1s. 5½d. for low ties, post free. If you want one write to Messrs. Gamage direct, and not to this office.

All members of THE MODERN MAN League are entitled to wear the colours.

J. R. DALE & CO., Ltd.,

Premier City Tailors.

BRITISH GOODS at FAIR PRICES.

LOUNGE SUIT, from 45/-.

BRANCHES:
81, GRACECHURCH STREET. 31, MOORGATE STREET.
149, CANNON STREET. 113 & 114, FENCHURCH STREET.
141, ALDERSGATE STREET.

Specially appointed tailors to several of the Largest Banking Trading, and Educational Institutions.

CHEAP TAILORING IS NEVER SATISFACTORY.

It must be apparent to the **General Public**, that to expect a **serviceable suit** under 45/- cannot be otherwise than **misleading** in **value** and **disappointing** in WEAR, and the MODERN MAN who has been HAD by a **deceptive** advertisement has found this out to his cost.

Our Goods are British-Made, and not cheap Foreign Products.

EACH GARMENT IS FITTED ON THE PREMISES.

Trousers from **13/-**, Tweed Suits from **45/-**, Dress Suits **70/-**.

Test our Fit by Investing in one of our 45/- Suits.

Special Terms to the readers of "The Modern Man."

OUR LEADING VALUE.

Portsmouth Serge Indigo Dye Lounge Suit, to order, 50/-

NEARLY HALF A MILLION.

£448,090

NEARLY HALF A MILLION.

HAS BEEN PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS BY

THE

National Share Exchange

THE year 1910 has witnessed the most phenomenally successful record in money-making operations ever achieved in financial circles.

This is not altogether singular when viewed from a scientific standpoint. It is simply a question of following the line of least resistance. That line once made clear, success must naturally follow.

The keenest judgment, unerring foresight, and unsleeping vigilance have been focussed upon this single line until a unique and faultless system has been evolved that has carried the NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE to the topmost pinnacle amongst great financial institutions.

We have Systematically Made Money for our Clients in 1910.

We shall strain every nerve to beat our own Unassailable Record in 1911.

WE MEAN to PASS the MILLION MILESTONE YOU MAY TRAVEL THIS ROAD to FORTUNE

Most of the Half-a-Million has gone into the pockets of men and women who had no knowledge of stocks and shares. Many of these started with as small a capital as £6. See their cheques to-day.

These successful Clients followed our Advice.
Their Cheques are open to your Inspection.

That is the key-note of our business—our clients' interest are our own—limited liability—cash daily settlements.

We take this Opportunity of assuring our Clients of a Continuance of that unflagging attention that has produced such Brilliant Results in 1910.

Take the First Step Free of all Cost to you by sending Coupon.

This COUPON entitles YOU to Learn how £6 may produce £60.

To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange,
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

M.M. 14/1/11

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

DATE .....

(Please write distinctly).

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

ADVERTISING.

The keynote of the business world of to-day is undoubtedly advertising.

By this I do not mean merely sticking up gaudy-coloured posters on every available hoarding and railway-station to inform the public that the particular commodity you sell or your particular method of doing business is the best. That is advertising in its crudest form, and that is gradually being superseded, as advertising becomes a fine art worthy of the attention of every business man.

The modern advertisement must be both novel and striking if it is to achieve striking results, and above all it must be backed up by real merit in the article advertised if the result is to be permanent. Specious advertisements of worthless goods may take in a certain section of the public once, but they do not bring the repeat orders without which no successful business can be built up.

And not only must the commodity be good of its kind, but its merits must be obvious. Many patent articles fail to succeed in spite of the most lavish expenditure on advertising, simply because they are in themselves too complicated or because the method of using them to advantage is not sufficiently obvious to prevent their being failures in many cases. The fault may, and often does, lie with the purchaser, but it is often due to the lack of lucid directions for those possessed of no scientific knowledge.

In this connection no doubt the name of more than one recently advertised patent of which one hears but little now will occur to my readers. If a business is really successful, on the other hand, one can afford to advertise on an even larger scale. Even the oldest established businesses find it profitable to advertise.

Advertising, especially in the more original forms, must necessarily be something of a gamble. It is not like an investment where you know exactly what return you are getting on your money. But the investment need not be the less sound for that.

Perhaps the advertisements that pay best are the accidental or apparently unintentional ones. An accident may occur in your shop, a window may be broken by a runaway horse, or your business may be temporarily brought before the public by a hundred and one little chances. And it is worth noticing that such little chances can often be arranged.

The man who is in a small way of business, especially in the provinces, can work wonders in the way of advertising for a very small outlay. A calendar presented at the New Year to customers, past, present, and prospective, will keep his name before them throughout the year.

The publication of a local railway time-table, again, provides a means of profitable advertising, for not only will the sale probably cover expenses, but the advertisements of other traders can be inserted without seriously impairing the value of your own.

Several firms combining in this way can afford to distribute the time-table free, and if you can give the public something for nothing you have advanced a long way in their favour.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Probably the most attractive investment at the present moment is the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of THE MODERN MAN, LTD. These shares were largely bought when first issued, but they are now made doubly desirable by the fact that the founder is giving one of his own £1 Deferred Shares to every purchaser of one pound's worth of the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares.

As the Cumulative Ordinaries cost 2s. each, the investment of a sovereign makes you the proprietor of ten of them, plus one of the £1 Deferred Shares, and there is no further liability on your part.

The opportunity of thus participating in the profits of the Deferred Shares of such a business as this does not often occur, and investors could not do better than apply for these shares at once. I understand that an application form and further particulars appear elsewhere in the paper.

NEGLIGENT DIRECTORS.

On November 29 last Mr. Justice Neville decided that the directors of the Brazilian Rubber Plantations and Estates, Limited, were not liable to the liquidator for damages on account of mis-statements in the prospectus.

It appears that the expert's report, on which the prospectus was founded, was concocted in London, and stated that the area of the estate was 12,500 acres, whereas it was only 2,000; and that there were 400,000 trees fit for tapping, which the agent of the company, upon inspection, declared to be 50,000. The original price paid for this property to the vendors was £15,000, while the price to be paid by the company to the promoting syndicate was £150,000.

Notwithstanding these glaring mis-statements, Mr. Justice Neville held that the directors were not liable, because there was no evidence of dishonesty on their part—although they were negligent.

That they were foolishly negligent for paying the purchase price to the vendor, without first verifying the statements made in the prospectus, goes without saying; but if this is the law, what reliance can the public place on statements made in any prospectus?

Surely the law wants altering if Mr. Justice Neville's decision is correct. It appears to me that the decision would have been the same if the directors had parted with the shareholders' money even if there had been no property to buy, or, in other words, if they had paid the money on bogus deeds for an estate which did not exist.

ANOTHER CASE.

Unfortunately this is not an isolated case, as shareholders in the Christineville Rubber Estates know to their cost, and I am afraid the annual meetings of rubber companies to be held during the next few months will disclose the fact that many more mis-statements have been made in prospectuses.

At the special meeting of the Rangoon Para Rubber Estates, held on December 22, statements were made to the shareholders showing that another gross swindle had been perpetrated by someone. The purchase price of this estate was £170,000, payable as to £125,000 cash and £45,000 in fully-paid shares; but the manager of a well-known company who has just returned from the East has made an exhaustive report to the directors in which he estimates the value of the property as £35,000, showing that the estate has been bought for nearly five times its value.

This matter is, in my opinion, very much more serious than that of the Brazilian Rubber Plantations and Estates, because the directorate includes several well-known names.

If directors do not investigate their purchases before parting with the shareholders' money, then the sooner boards of directors are done away with the better and a committee of shareholders appointed to satisfy themselves that the property is as stated, before completing the bargain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G. (Grimsby).—Hold your Americans. I expect an upward movement early in the New Year.

A. R. (Cambridge).—I should advise selling 2 and 7; the others are a fair speculative lock-up.

"READER" (Dawlish).—There is no further liability on Way-Halim shares.

A. T. M. (York).—Do not sell your Mexican Rails; you will not have long to wait before the market turns upward.

R. C. (Exeter).—No. I never advise the purchase of shares with such a heavy outstanding liability. No person of limited means should buy any but fully-paid shares.

J. M. B. (Yarmouth).—I think you have made a good selection for the amount you name.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S EARTHQUAKE

By ADAM STERN.

Jim Graill, recovered from his illness, returned from Brighton by an early morning train, and was met at Moulden by Richard, who greeted him in characteristically undemonstrative fashion.

He thrust out his hand, gave him a hard grip and a smile, looked him squarely between the eyes, and nodded.

"You'll do now," he said.

Then he kicked the portmanteau at Graill's feet.

"What's your plan?" he asked. "Going straight home to Darley, or coming to the office first for an hour or two?"

"What do *you* think!" was the answer.

So the bag was stored in the cloak-room, and they left the station, and started down the hill towards the town.

Graill came to a sudden halt after covering a short distance and stood in silence looking out over the drab waste of blackened bricks and chimneys which constitute the chain-making town of Moulden.

"Bit different from Brighton," he said at length.

"Ah," said Richard.

"I'd almost forgotten what the blessed place looks like. Hardly enchanting, is it?"

"No."

"Ugly as hell, in fact. But it's good to be back. Yes; it's good."

He took a deep breath and walked slowly on.

"Damned good," he said. "What's been happening?"

"Nothing in particular," said Richard. "You had all the news in my letters."

"Your letters!" echoed Graill, scornfully. "A bright lot I learnt from your letters! Just a dozen or so words, scribbled, it was plainly to be seen, when all other important work had been attended to. Whatever else you are, you're certainly a rotten correspondent, Dick. I used to sit, the imaginative plug full out, trying to create an atmosphere to such a bald statement as 'Had a ruction with the men this week, but nothing serious, and they soon came round.' What sort of row, and what about, and——"

"Lord!" said Richard with a laugh, "I've had something better to do than write you descriptive stories. Sufficient that the trouble is over now, and everything working smoothly and pleasantly. I've had a new shop put up, by the way. Did I mention it to you?"

"Did you mention it!" said Graill in disgust.

"Well, I fully intended to; though, as a matter of fact, it was only completed at the end of last week. I've got half a dozen new forges in it, and the best men I could find—all of them working at one-inch cable. I'm pushing that size now that I can turn it out. There's money in it.

"This new shop, Jim," he went on, as Graill did not interrupt, being, in fact, only too glad to listen, "exhausts our last bit of available space. We're full up. No room to expand anywhere now; and I rather object to the situation. The difficulty is to find fresh ground. I've been after the plot of land next to ours on the left side, but it's Corporation held, and they want too much money for it. They say there's a scheme in hand to erect a theatre on the site—a scheme which to my knowledge has been in hand for years—and no amount of argument will shake 'em. Fourteen hundred pounds is their figure, which is exactly the odd hundreds more than I think it is worth—or, in other words, more than I can afford to plank down."

"But," suggested Graill, "do you think you will want all that amount of land? It must be nearly three times as large as what we occupy now."

"It's something less than twice as large," answered Richard. "Measurement by eye is a deceptive thing. But why shouldn't I want it?"

He looked at his friend.

In the simple, direct question, asked with no boastfulness, Graill felt anew the irresistibility of will and purpose which six weeks of absence from Richard had made him partially forget.

"You will want it," he said. "Of course you'll want it." And he laughed at himself for his previous doubt.

"I hope to, at any rate," continued Richard. "We've been going ahead steadily on this our second venture, and I see no reason why we shouldn't keep it up."

"Three shops now," said Graill, "in addition to the testing-shed. And how many men?"

"Twenty-nine."

"As against two when we began! Not so bad after a couple of years' working! Seems no time since we started on that patch of barren ground and built the first shop with our hopes and naked hands. And now——"

He laughed with good spirits and shot a glance at Richard.

"Yes," said Richard dryly; "but there's still a big leeway to make up, Jim, before we stand where we did before. And until that's an accomplished fact, best not to indulge in counting and comparisons. Rather apt to make the job appear tougher than it is.

"Besides, as I look at it, people who are duly grateful for their blessings as good as tell the gods that they don't want any more. I'm not like that."

He gave vent to a short laugh, which was not without grimness.

"I'm a man," he admitted, "who stands and asks for *More!* MORE! and I often wonder why the gods don't retaliate by heaving a thunderbolt at me."

Which statement, in view of the after events of the day, might fairly have been deemed prophetic.

II.

It was a quarter to three in the afternoon when Graill first saw the new shop—like the rest, a low, single-storied, oblong-shaped building constructed of red brick—and traversed its length, inspecting the new forges.

It was eight minutes past three when the office door was tugged open and the foreman of the works came in, his hoarse, excited shout causing Richard to turn quickly with a sudden tightening of the lips.

What he heard was this: "The new shop's bustin' up, sir! Come an' look at it!"

"Busting up?" said Richard, even as he strode to the door. "What the deuce are you talking about?"

"Yo'll see for yourself if yo' come. It took place all of a sudden. There was a groan, and a slow crack——"

But Richard had thrust him aside.

In another moment he was among a crowd of gesticulating men in the yard, staring, in common with them, at the recently erected building.

It had uncannily altered since last he had seen it. Its symmetry was gone. The walls bulged, were riven in places with jagged cracks, and the roof all awry had entirely collapsed at one end.

The whole effect was that of drunken instability.

Richard strode forward and entered, looking about the dust-laden interior with hard, bright eyes.

He was joined there by Graill, who stood at his side in silence, aware that it was an occasion when it was wisest to hold one's tongue.

"You know the cause of this?" asked Richard at length, and his voice was calm.

"No," said Graill.

"It's an earth subsidence. There must be a mine-tunnel somewhere down below, which has given way. Not an uncommon thing in this district, which is a regular rabbit-warren of mine borings. We're in for it, Jim."

"In for it? What do you mean by that?"

"That we can't expect this to be the finish."

"But—— I say, Dick, you don't mean the other shops? Not the whole works in danger?"

"Yes," said Richard, steadily; "the whole works."

And for a full minute they stared at each other without speaking.

"These things begin," said Richard, "and you never know when they'll end."

He frowned a little, as though not satisfied with the sound of his voice.

"I knew a whole street go once," he said. "Sank seven feet, and did no end of damage."

"It may mean ruin," said Graill.

"For the second time," said Richard.

"All your money in this place—all sunk in—this about us. And all rendered worthless if——"

"If the rest collapse. Well!——"

Richard unconsciously buttoned up his coat. It was a significant action.

He went out into the yard, and addressed the men:

"There's no need to stand gaping any longer," he said. "You will have guessed what has happened. There's been a slight subsidence, and the foundations have gone. You can start work again—except the half-dozen who were working in here. They'll have to go home. Where are you?"

They stepped out.

"Turn up next Monday," he said. "I'll have your forges moved and fixed up elsewhere by then. Sorry for the bad luck."

He had taken a couple of strides office-ward when a rumbling crash and a shout made him face round. The walls were falling in. The roof, its slates clattering, sank down, stuck, sank again, and then, with a ripping sound, fell, throwing up a fine smoky dust. A further settling of the loosened soil had turned the shop into a total wreck.

There was a momentary stupefaction on the part of the men; then with one accord they moved towards the gates which led to the street, glancing apprehensively at the other workshops.

"Not much struck on this," was muttered in several quarters.

"Bit too 'ot fur *me!*"

"Can't expect us to work with the place tumblin' about our ears."

Graill looked helplessly at Richard, who was watching the exodus with a face absolutely expressionless.

"Don't you want your coats?" he called after a moment—for the majority were in shirts and trousers.

"Dick! you can't intend to let them go!" said Graill. "Stop them!"

"They're within their rights," said Richard. "If they haven't the guts to take what risk there is, I haven't the guts to ask them to."

"I'll have the wage-sheets made up," he called, "and pay you off in the morning."

Then he turned and walked away to his office.

Graill, following a few minutes later, found him looking out of the window, unlit pipe in mouth and his hands in his pockets.

He remained motionless, and Graill, after hesitation, crossed to his desk and sat down.

"Everybody gone?" asked Richard presently.

"The foreman's here—and the lad Barnet."

"That all?"

"Yes."

A long silence.

Graill, made restless by the bitterness of his thoughts, got up and began to pace to and fro. He paused twice, looking at Richard, wishing that he could utter some words of comfort, but realising how futile and empty they would sound.

"I have an idea," said Richard at length, half to himself, and quite composedly, "that it must be the Groveland mine. The first thing to do is to find out for sure."

He was walking towards the hat-stand when he caught sight of Graill's face. He stopped and looked keenly at him.

"Is that what you've been thinking of?" asked Graill, in a strange voice.

"I've been trying to think of a way out, of course," answered Richard.

"You weren't—brooding?"

"Brooding? No. What the devil's the good of that?"

"No good," assented Graill, lifelessly. "But——"

"But what?"

"Nothing." Graill turned away. "Only I thought you were," he said.

Richard's short laugh made him wheel and stare. There was a fighting sound in it which made his blood tingle.

"We're not beaten, Jim," said Richard. "No, by gad!"

"Where are you going?"

"To the office of the Groveland Colliery. I want to see a plan of their borings. The one chance for us is for the tunnel to belong to a mine which is still being worked, in which case immediate action may prevent a further collapse. If not——"

"Yes," said Graill.

"If it's a part of a disused mine—a dead mine—there'll be no getting at it."

"And then?" said Graill.

"Well," said Richard, "the only thing left to do will be to pull down the whole damned show and erect it again elsewhere. Cheerful prospect, Jim!"

And he went out.

He was back within two hours, brisk of step and with a light in his eyes.

"We're all right," he said. "Look here."

He sat down on his desk and drew a diagram on a piece of paper.

"That's so far as it comes," he said, "a small experimental tunnel of the Groveland mine, which ends just beneath where we built the new shop. I was confidently informed that no further subsidence could take place, but I refused to be convinced till I had inspected the spot myself.

"Jim, all that is required is a few cartloads of soil, and we shall be as right as ever we were. Of course there'll be the cost of rebuilding, but I fancy I see my way to recouping myself for that."

"How?" asked Graill.

Richard looked at him, thoughtfully, and answered the question by asking another.

"Will the Corporation," he said, "be anxious to hold that adjoining land now that this has happened? Not they! No theatrical manager would look at it. I offered them a level thousand as against their fourteen hundred. I shall make another offer—this time of seven-fifty.

"And," concluded Richard, with a quiet smile, "it's fairly long odds that they will jump at it."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

CEREMONIES WE BAR.

Introducing two people to one another when we have forgotten the names of each of them.

* * *

Going to the birthday party of our mother-in-law.

* * *

Officiating in some capacity at the wedding (to another man) of a girl who refused us some time ago.

CLOSE TIMES.

SOME SPORTING DATES.

Most people know that grouse (or red game) may not be shot, or killed in any way, between December 11 and August 11 inclusive, but I dare say it will surprise some readers to learn that it is unlawful at any time to kill grouse, pheasants, partridges, moor game, or hares on a Sunday or on Christmas Day.

In England and Scotland there is no close time for hares, except as mentioned above, but in Ireland they are protected from April 21 to August 11.

Ptarmigan may be shot all the year round in England, but in Scotland they are protected like grouse.

Throughout the United Kingdom the pheasant need fear no sportsman between February 2 and the last day of September.

Birds such as landrail and quail, which are classed as Wild Birds, come under the Wild Birds Protection Acts, and their close time is from March 2 to the last day of July inclusive. In Ireland, however, both quail and landrail have a special close time from January 11 to September 19.

There is no close time for foxes, but by an "unwritten law" observed by all good sportsmen fox-hunting opens on November 1 and ends in April.

Deer are not legally protected except in Ireland, but here again custom rules that deer-stalking begins for stags on August 12 and ends October 12, while hinds may be pursued from November 10 till the end of March.

Otter hunting, a "sport" many would like to see suppressed, lasts from the middle of April to mid-September.

The close time for salmon varies in different localities, but the general rule is that it begins for nets on September 1, for rods on November 2, ending in each case on February 1.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

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Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

OUR COLOURS.

On looking in at Messrs. Gamage's the other day to provide myself with an "M. M." League tie, I was astonished to find that the large stock they had laid in was already sold out.

No doubt by the time these lines appear in print they will again be able to supply those who give their orders either by post or personally.

The Editor has shown me a sample tie, however, and I certainly think that the Brighton Club, who, I understand, originally selected the colours, are to be congratulated on their choice.

The purple and dark blue, with a narrow yellow line, combine to make colours which are at once attractive and inoffensive, which is more than can be said of many clubs' colours.

Every member of the League, of course, has the right to wear the tie, and it will no doubt prove the means of making as many friendships as the badge has done.

Quite apart from its smart appearance, it ought to be specially useful to members whose badges are in the form of pendants or lapel-badges, for the tie will often be visible when the badge is covered by the overcoat.

HIP POCKETS AND THEIR FASTENINGS.

No more useful receptacle than the hip pocket has yet been invented for the carrying of rubbish dear to the masculine mind.

To look smart, one must not weigh down the pockets of the jacket, and thus the hip pockets come in for a large share of work.

But be sure, in ordering hip pockets, that you impress upon the tailor's gentle mind the necessity of flaps to those pockets.

The tailor who is not from Bond Street, and who regards economy rather than his customer's wishes, is apt to make his hip pockets without flaps. The button he sews on to the material of the trousers, and cuts the buttonhole through the outside of the pocket itself.

Now it stands to reason that if any weighty object is placed in the hip pocket the hang of the trousers will suffer, and it is, therefore, imperative that the tailor should fit flaps to the hip pockets, and so avoid the possibility of spoiling the shape and hang of the trousers.

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

The appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it, and saves 500 per cent. on the outlay.

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GOLOSHES IN RUSSIA.

A short time ago I referred in these columns to the fact that the Englishman, unlike the men of most other nations, persists in considering goloshes effeminate and old-maidish.

Since writing the paragraph in question I have been interested to read in a daily paper that these overshoes are especially popular in Russia, where forty-five million pairs are manufactured every year.

They are worn by all classes except the peasants and the rank and file of the Army.

Even military officers wear goloshes of a special make with brass heel-pieces and spur-boxes.

Not only does the Russian attach a good deal of importance to keeping his feet warm and dry, but he would consider it bad form to enter a private house, or even an hotel, restaurant, or office, in muddy boots

In the cloak-rooms of all public buildings and places of entertainment special provision is made for the storage of visitors' goloshes.

As long as Englishmen continue to regard the golosh as so many do at present, one cannot help feeling uncomfortable and conspicuous when wearing them, but now that they are made in such presentable shapes, I, for one, should be very glad to see them come into general use.

It is difficult to say how goloshes came to be regarded as they are in England. Perhaps it was due to the ridicule that Mr. W. S. Penley cast upon them in "The Private Secretary," or perhaps it was a result of our changeable climate. No one wants to appear in goloshes when the sun is shining and the streets are dry, even though one may have sallied forth in the morning in a deluge.

But, as a matter of fact, the reason is probably that the Briton objects to taking care of himself and is horrified of anything that savours of "mollycoddling."

TESTING A PATTERN.

On receiving a bunch of patterns from his tailor, the average man chooses his favourite shade, selects the best design, and just pinches the material to see that it is fairly substantial.

A good plan, however, is to cut about an inch into the pattern, then an inch at right angles to the first cut. By doing this you are able to see right into the stuff.

If you are an office man, and intend to wear the suit in business, it is often advisable to drop a small blot of ink on the pattern; try to get it out, and to note the result.

A sure test of the strength of the material is obtained by holding the pattern by the ends and rubbing the surface across the edge of a table.

Examine the patterns by gas or electric light as well as by daylight. Give your daylight choice the preference, but remember that the suit will have to be worn in the evening as well as in the day.

Always demand a good selection of patterns if the tailor has nothing in stock that meets your tastes and requirements, and tell him to let you have good-sized pieces of stuff.

From four to five inches square is the average size for ordinary patterns, but if you are selecting striped material have a long and fairly narrow piece. You can fit such a pattern across the leg and see for yourself what kind of trousers the stuff will make.

INCOMPETENT SALESMEN.

I bought a fancy waistcoat in the Strand the other day, and was most highly amused by the non-committal answer of the man whose employer's premises (or he may have been the owner) were "coming down."

This rather gives the show away that I was after something on the cheap, but my personal view is that clothes are dearer in sale time.

Sales to me are huge frauds. In the ordinary way they will label a waistcoat twelve-and-sixpence, and will not effect a sale. If, however, the proprietor expends a few shillings in huge red-lettered notices to the effect that the "sale" is "now on," that it is "compulsory," and that the "premises are coming down," he may safely label that same vest "fifteen shillings; reduced to twelve-and-six; sacrifice," and can bet his boots the article will sell like a hot cake.

To return to the subject. I felt the material, and casually asked how deep the cut in the front was.

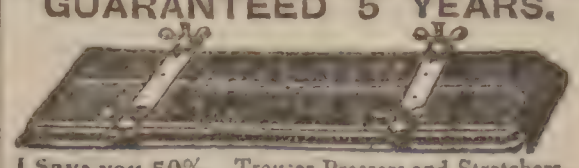
"Oh! the fashionable size, sir," said the man, loftily, which translated means that he didn't know how deep the cut was and, further, that he didn't care a trouser-button so long as he sold the article.

When I asked him what was the fashionable size he couldn't tell me. "Not too high and not too low" was the most explicit description of the present state o fashion I could get from him.

I guarantee that I, as an amateur, knew more about that man's business than he did himself.

These annoying persons are always cropping up behind ready-made shops' counters, and this might be annoying were it not for the fact that they are so intensely humorous.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



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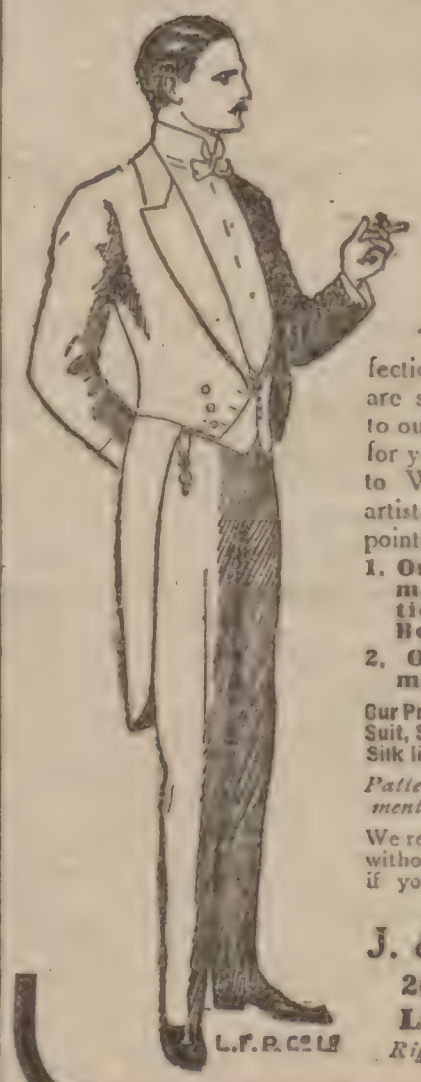

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CITY CLOTHES.

As I have observed before, the City man has during the last few years become emancipated from the tyranny of the frock-coat and the morning coat, or at least the black lounge jacket, which were formerly *de rigueur*.

But I suppose that if a census were taken, an enormous percentage of City workers would be found to wear dark blue lounge suits for office wear. I was interested to note the other day in passing two of the branches of Messrs. J. R. Dale and Co., who have no less than five establishments in the heart of the City, and who therefore may be supposed to cater chiefly for the City man, that the principal exhibit consisted of the dark blue serge.

It is in making suits of this material to measure that they do a large part of their enormous business.

Most men look their best in a navy blue, which seems to suit a fair man as well as a dark one. Every well-dressed man's wardrobe ought to contain at least one blue serge suit, and the ideal plan is to arrange to have one such suit for best while you are wearing out another at work.

OVERCOAT BUTTONS.

The darker the overcoat, the darker the buttons; the lighter the overcoat, the lighter the buttons.

This is a golden rule which I always observe when purchasing protection, whether in the form of a heavy ulster or a light rain-coat.

Overcoat buttons should be large; small ones will make the best of coats look niggling. A tailor informed me yesterday that the buttons on my overcoat that is to be will cost him fourpence halfpenny to fivepence apiece.

On a dark green overcoat black buttons are admirable; on a green of a lighter shade dark green buttons are hard to beat.

There is a tendency in some branches of the trade to fit small brown buttons, resembling squashed miniature footballs, to light grey overcoats.

These buttons are not even horsey; they are loud and show lack of taste, and should be avoided.

RUBBER HEELS.

A Whitby correspondent, in the course of a letter containing many valuable suggestions, for which I thank him, asks me whether I can wear rubber heels on my boots. He has tried them, he says, but they wear down so quickly that they are worse than useless. I can only suppose that he has been trying some inferior make, for if you use any sound kind, such as Wood-Milne heels, and fit them properly, they should last almost as long as the boots.

Personally, I pin my faith to the circular heel, which can be turned round so as to wear evenly.

THE McKINLEY "MAC."

The most wonderful value ever offered. Made from materials bought before the rise in the price of rubber.

CARRIAGE **16/6** PAID.

Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

The McKinley Mac. is made of fine quality fawn rubber coating, and is a really high-class, serviceable waterproof garment for ordinary or sporting wear. It is perfectly cut and finished, made as illustrated with fashionable Raglan sleeves, straps on cuffs, vertical pockets, storm collar with throat tab, lined across shoulders, ventilated armholes, and double solutioned seams.

Ready for service in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) to-day, and take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

If you don't need a Mac. send for Patterns of our Famous Suitings and Overcoatings. Suits to measure from **25/-** to **50/-** Perfection of fit, style, and workmanship guaranteed.

C. & G. McKINLEY,
Tailoring Dept., **7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.**

WINTER'S COLDEST JOB.

WITH THE WOOD-CUTTERS IN THE SPINNEYS.

This winter it is the Long Spinney that is being thinned, and four of the estate hands, skilled woodman all, have been busy for many days.

They realise, far better than the mere onlooker, that it is no mere matter of hacking at the roots of the small timber with a sharp tool; but that to work through the spinney, leaving all spick-and-span as they go, and letting daylight into what were hitherto dark recesses in the jungle of woodlands, is a work requiring system, skill, and knowledge of a very definite sort.

Daylight has hardly spread over the land, preceding the sun by a very short space in these brief winter days, when two long, low, broad-based four-wheeled farm carts come creaking and croaking down the lane, and turn into the field that borders the woodlands.

There is no set hedge between the two, but only a low bank, studded here and there with huge beeches, growing from red, sandy-looking earth.

The low bank, when the beeches do not shade it—for the beech permits no growth beneath its branches—is a brown mass of bent and fallen bracken, in and out of which the rabbits shoot like streaks of white-spotted fur as the woodlanders trample around them.

It seems hardly possible that this thick tangle of small wood can be satisfactorily tackled. But give the men an hour or two, and they will change the face of this plot of earth.

Soon they fall to with strong arms and careful eye, and the edge of the spinney begins to show bare and open. Long, thin young trees lie about behind them as they go deeper and deeper into the woods.

Behind them others are hard at work grading the wood into faggots, selecting the long poles, throwing the wood of pea-stick size into huge bundles, and, finally, binding all up into faggots.

It needs time to make a great impression on the mass of the spinney. Even after two days' work the greater part still stands silent and indifferent to the wave of destruction that creeps irresistibly on.

There is a pathetic aspect to the work. For some years the wood has grown steadily. In spring it was a mist of enchanting green that gradually shut out from sight the silent vaults and the scattered firs that grew in the midst of it. Then, in summer, it was a sanctuary for nightingales, which sang on the low hazel and birch growth all through the first warm June nights. Again, in autumn, the leaves were a golden glory; and in winter the cold bloom of purple, black, and brown bark is a joy to behold.

And now the line that the choppers have made looks like a scar. White gashes gleam in the pale sunlight.

On the carts the faggot-hands have begun to load the spoil. The wood, bushy on one side with the bare birch twigs, swishes as the cart moves. There is a crackle and a crushing as bundle after bundle is heaved up.

In the cleared space a fire has been kindled, and dry blue smoke, glorified by the faint sunlight, drifts before a light air towards the uncut wood, as if to warn it of the approaching catastrophe.

The stable clock strikes twelve; men resume their heavy coats, wipe their faces with big red handkerchiefs, and from capacious straw bags draw tins, full bottles of tea or coffee, and parcels of the countryman's dinner—bread-and-cheese, with an occasional slice of bacon or cold pudding.

The tins are filled from the bottles and carefully fitted up among the burning logs. In ten minutes a complete backwoods camp is in the picture.

Along the line of the wood the stumps show white, cruel, and exposed. One shivers on looking at it. A stray rabbit bounding out into the midst of the clearance stops and looks bewildered at the strangeness. Chattering jays in the taller trees swear and tear at the intrusion.

The men eat and drink on in silence, glad to feel the glow from the fire. For winter wood-cutting is bitter work. The hands are rubbed and chafed and scratched by the hard, cold twigs, and the long thin wood feels like cold iron.

At dusk the work ceases; the last cart is loaded, and the men take to the road again, scattering, when the horses have been taken home, to little cottages in quaint nooks, to rest after labour and prepare for to-morrow's attack on the wood.

Over a large patch of ground only single sturdy trees are left, and in the dusk the white scars left by the sharp blades still show with a cold, cruel whiteness.

JAMES MARSHALL.

ELECTION BRIBERY.

HOW IT IS WORKED.

It is commonly supposed that in these days of the ballot, although bribery, of course, cannot be altogether suppressed, the candidate cannot tell whether he is getting the vote for which he has paid—whether in beer or in hard cash.

But in the recent elections a very simple method of bribery was practised by a candidate in one of the large Midland boroughs.

One of his supporters, whose name was on the register, was given a dummy voting-paper, which he took with him to the polling station.

There he received his genuine ballot-paper, which he surreptitiously put in his pocket, dropping the dummy paper in the box.

The genuine paper he took to his candidate's committee-rooms, where he received five shillings for it.

This paper was then filled up with a cross against the "right" man.

In order to bribe a doubtful voter after this and to make sure of his vote, it was only necessary to give him the filled-up paper to drop into the box, and to offer him five shillings to bring back his own voting paper unmarked.

This would be filled up and handed to another gentleman whose vote was for sale, and so on *ad infinitum*.

In this way the agent was able to make practically certain that the votes paid for were actually registered for his man—or at least that they were not given to the other candidate. It was, of course, possible for those who received the marked ballot-papers to spoil them, but if they did not bring back the clean ballot-papers issued to them at the poll they did not receive their five shillings.

This organised bribery could, of course, be prevented if the presiding officer made a point of seeing every paper filled up, but this is seldom done, and between the hours of six and eight in the evening would be almost impossible.

That steps should be taken to prevent such things goes without saying.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. W. (Aberdeen).—Many a man who plays games—and even plays them with distinction—is not a sportsman; and many a man who knows very little about games is a thorough sportsman. The term "sportsman" is difficult to define, but it means much the same as the term "gentleman," which indicates a man who does the straight thing always, and has no reference whatever to his social class. A chimney-sweep may be a thorough gentleman, just as a cripple may be a thorough sportsman.

D. P. (Birmingham).—Better write to Messrs. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, W.C., for their catalogue. They can supply practically any book at half-price; they hold over a million books in stock.

H. C. (Walthamstow).—Wear spats by all means if you like them. They keep your feet and ankles warm, and many young men of fashion go in for them now.

R. G. B. (Bristol).—You are entirely wrong. Lord Northcliffe would not be a party to any fraud, for he is a gentleman. It is only right to give him his due, though he is a business competitor, and though we do not approve of all his business methods.

N. B. (Hampstead).—Captain Saunders regrets that he feels unable to print a drawing of your idea for a "combined suit" which is to embody coat, vest, trousers, and socks in one. If, however, you hit on a wheeze for combined hat-boots or boot-hats we might consider the matter.

L. M. (Glasgow).—We should like to print your "sporting" story; it would amuse readers, but we fear to offend the morals of our printers. Let us pray.

"JAHDUIYES" (Lowestoft).—We thank you for your offer, but fear we cannot offer to print a weekly column in Esperanto.

J. R. L. (Hastings) having learned that the late King of Siam had eighty wives, writes to ask if the present one has eighty mammas.

J. K. T. F. (Wick) left his walking-stick (he says he had it stolen) in a London motor-'bus when he came to the capital for the first time some days ago. If anyone's seen a "wooden walking-stick with a piece of brass at the bottom and a knob on the top," will he acquaint us with his find?

L. F. (Swindon) says: "Curse the Election" and a lot of other things. He was done out of a vote by the stale register, was hurt by a Unionist motor-car, and laughed at by the occupants of a Liberal one; he caught a cold whilst waiting for results, and had his pocket picked while cheering.

H. T. (Sudbury).—You can have no better indoor game for two than chess. Get a good set of the Staunton pattern and pay the price.

R. P. (St. Albans).—There is no statutory close time for fox-hunting or rabbit shooting.

M. R. (Wakefield).—Private Ward, 1st V.B. Devon, won the King's Prize in 1900.

T. J. (Tottenham).—Be very careful. The mutual arrangements between England and America in the matter of copyright are by no means fair to this country. English publishers have to go to great expense to protect their goods across the Atlantic, but Yankee pirates are notorious.

M. V. T. (Doncaster).—Tobacco cartridges will draw well, but they have also the disadvantage of burning quickly.

M. R. (Birmingham).—We are not prophets, but we should be inclined to name Manchester City and the Arsenal for come-downs, and Bolton Wanderers and Chelsea for First League honours.

F. A. (Fulham) complains that League members in South-West London do not wear their badges. There are plenty of them, so one ought not to be able to go far without meeting one.

L. R. C. (Wandsworth).—If you have any difficulty in future in obtaining this paper write to our publishing office, 21, Tudor Street, E.C.

C. E. L. (Hammersmith) complains that the authorities of his local music-hall allow people to sit and stand right down the gangways. What are the L.C.C. officials doing? Possibly they are sitting asleep in these gangways.

J. M. (Sudbury).—Do not purchase the motor-cycle—cheap as it is—unless you can well afford to keep it up.

R. T. (Harrow).—If you are expecting the sack, look round for another job, but don't make any definite arrangements.

H. J. L. (Reading) complains that while in uniform he wanted to have a drink in the upstairs room of the Leicester Lounge, but was refused admission. He says it was an insult to the King's uniform; so do we. But much better take your drinks elsewhere than make a fuss.

M. L. (Cheltenham).—Get a light overcoat if you like, but have your suit of warm and stout material.

M. R. T. (Highgate).—The job of the bagman is not all beer and skittles. Unless you are of a roving nature, and have a persuasive tongue, don't become a commercial.

B. P. (Rochester). — Have the frayed cuffs removed and get wristbands fixed on. Your sister will do it for a box of chocolates.

S. O. (Portsmouth).—No licence is required for a dog till it is six months old.

T. H. R. (Scarborough). — The nearest Police Station or Post Office has all information about Army and Navy pay and conditions of service. The pamphlets are free.

W. H. (Dundee).—What further particulars do you want? We have already made it plain that the object of THE MODERN MAN League is to foster good fellowship and good sportsmanship. Isn't that good enough for you?

A. W. (Middlesbrough), **E. B.** (Coalville), **A. L.** (Bolton), **R. G. P.** (Ontario), **H. J. P.** (Charlton), **S. D.** (Carmarthen), **D. C.** (Shipley), **I. Mc I.** (Cambuslang), **F. de C.** (Jersey), **R. K.** (Glasgow).—Much indebted to you.

A MAN'S PRESENT.

When a man wants to make a present to another man, it is always difficult for him to decide what to give.

The gift should not be too expensive, for that makes the receiver feel too much obliged. It should also be something essentially masculine, and something that will appeal to the taste of your friend.

If he is a smoker, a pipe is exactly the right thing to give him, and a patent pipe is doubly acceptable, because of its novelty.

There are many patent pipes sold, but the majority of them are clumsy, and not of practical use. Those, however, now being made by Messrs. Bewlay, of 49, Strand, are excellent in all respects, and they cost only 3s. 6d., which is just about the price that a man cares to pay for a present.

ROLLING YOUR OWN CIGARETTES.

At one time every man had to roll his own cigarettes if he wanted to smoke tobacco in this form, but enterprising manufacturers arose and provided him with cigarettes ready-made.

There is, however, a great revival in the practice of rolling one's own cigarettes, because in doing so you can obtain a cigarette of any particular tobacco you like, instead of having to stick to the ordinary Virginia or Turkish.

A cigarette made of full strength navy-cut tobacco, for example, will appeal even to a pipe or cigar-smoker.

It is important that the paper used by those who roll their own cigarettes should be pure and of convenient form. "A. G." is the best, and the packets in which it is sold are most convenient, because even in the dark you always know which is the gummed edge, and do not have to strike a light to look for it.

MEN OF THE LEAGUE.

A further list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League printed below. A notice and application form for membership appears on another page. The names of those members who join too late to be included in the list for their own town will appear later in a supplementary list. We shall be glad to hear as soon as possible of any errors or changes of address.*

EASTLEIGH *(contd.).*
A. C. FILKIN, 356, Southampton Road.
W. A. HUNT, 11, High Street.
A. C. MOODY, 54, The Crescent.
J. B. SHADLOTT, 100, Market Street.
G. F. SMITH, 11, Desborough Road.

EAST MOLESEY.
C. F. WILLS, 2, Athole Villas, Walton Road.

EAST WEMYSS.
G. W. SPITTAL, 3, Michael Place.

EASTWOOD.
C. L. HAME, c/o Mrs. Witham, Hill T
R. KIRK, "Lynncroft."
T. KNIGHTON, Lamb Close.
H. MARRIOTT, 51, Scargill Street.

EBBW VALE.
J. CHARD, 17, Buch Terrace.
R. O. WILLIAMS, 2, The Walk.

ECCLES.
H. FOTT, 29, The Grove.
D. M. MONCRIEFF, 15, Cavendish Grove, Monton Road.

EDGWARE.
M. C. STEVENS, Bridge Farm.

EDINBURGH.
A. J. ADAMSON, 25, Princes Street.
C. BANKS, 250, Gorgie Road.
A. BIRRELL, 29, Barony Street.
C. W. BOND, 7, Marchmont Crescent.
D. M. BRIDGES, 4, Mertoun Place.
G. CHRISTIE, 5, Milton Street.
J. CLARK, 131, Morrison Street.
F. A. COOK, 12, Atholl Place.
R. DALZIELL, 2, Manor Place.
R. DICKSON, 12, East Thomas Street.
A. DOWIE, 31, Stafford Street.
J. EMSLIE, Brewery House, Roseburn.
W. R FORREST, 9, Leven Street.
P. L. GARDNER, 17, West Catherine Place.
R. A. GIBB, 12, Meadow Place.
W. E. GILLON, 22, Grove Street.
W. B. GRANDISON, 17, South Clerk Street.
W. GRAY, 25, Warrender Park Road.
J. A. GUTHRIE, 25, East London Street.
W. A. HALLIDAY, 4, Montague Street.
J. G. HARE, 3, Scone Gardens.
C. HATTLE, 34, Comely Bank Avenue.
D. C. HEWSON, "Rose Mount," Rose Lane, Abbey Hill.
A. A. HOLDING, 26, Easter Road.
R. HOLDING, 26, Easter Road.
J. HOME, 9, Comely Bank Avenue.
J. W. HOSEA, 136, Dumbiedykes Road.
W. HUNTER, 60, Marchmont Road.
S. J. ISAAC, 4, Hillside Street.
J. C. JAMESON, 160, Morrison Street.
J. JENKINS, 50, Leamington Terrace.
W. H. JOHNSTON, 27, Hillside Crescent.
A. R. JUNOR, 69, South Clerk Street.
S. JUDGE, Band, 2nd Royal Scots.
A. M. KIRK, 12, Hillside Street.
W. V. KNOX, 26, Thirlestane Road.
W. C. LITTLE, 2, Alva Place.
R. G. LYAL, 6a, George Street.
A. C. McBRIDE, 2, Gorgie Green Road.
H. A. McCALL, 4 Argyle Place.
A. R. MACDONALD, "Glenview," Eastfield, Joppa.
S. MACFARLANE, 7, Cornwallis Place.
S. MACGREGOR, 18, Duke Street.
G. C. MACKENZIE, 23, High Street, Portobello.
J. M. McKENZIE, 13, Pitt Street.
J. M. MACLACHLAN, 47, Polwarth Gardens.
J. McLAREN, 13, Inverleith Terrace.
J. R. M. McLEOD, 25, Polton Street, Bonnyrigg.
W. F. M. McRAE, 22, Buccleuch Street.
J. MOFFAT, 44, Coltbridge Avenue, Murrayfield.
D. M. A. MURRAY, 20, Warrington Crescent.
W. R. MURRAY, 4, Marchmont Crescent.
W. OUTERSON, 18, Polwarth Crescent.
J. QUINNEY, 16, Roseburgh Place.
A. RILEY, 30, Hazelbank Terrace, Merchiston.
T. RITCHIE, 16, Lochrin Place.
A. S. ROBERTSON, 16, Upper Grey Street.
A. M. ROSS, "Shalom," Abercorn Road.
C. ROSS, 7, Milton Street.
P. F. RUSSELL, 8, St. John's Hill.
F. L. SCOTT, 19, Union Street.
G. C. SIME, 34, Barony Street.
G. W. SINCLAIR, 10, Hillside Street.
D. A. SMART, 78, Bonaby Road.
G. STARK, 28, Roseburn Place, Roseburn.
A. T. STEVENSON, 21, Rankeillor Street.
C. J. STEVENSON, 2, Burns Place, Bonnington.
C. W STEWART, 6, Temple Park Crescent.
P. STEWART, 73, Albert Street.
T. W. STEWART, 3, Cambusnethan Street.
R. H. TURNER, Fir Tree Park, Juniper Green.
D. WADDELL, 18, Buccleuch Place.
R. J. WALKER, 56, Lochrin Buildings.
T. S. WALKER, 4, Marchmont Street.
D. WALLACE, 13, Sciennes Road.
D. H. WATT, 105, Buccleuch Street.
T. WRIGHT, 7, Murieston Crescent.
G. WILSON, 37, Argyle Place.

EGHAM.
E. C. STOCK, "Rosedene."

(To be continued.)

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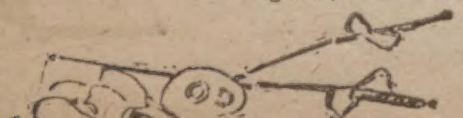

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

The McKinley "Mac." 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London E.C.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

One dozen second-hand collars, size 15, 2s. the lot.—Box 4100, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For tailoring of the highest grade see J. R. Dale and Co.'s advt., page 17.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, bagatelle board, good, bargain.—Box 4057, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Eadie coaster hub bicycle, plated wheels, 2 brakes, Clincher tyres; £2 15s., or exchange for good cornet, locomotive, or offers considered.—Box 4055, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 16ft. split cane salmon rod, by good maker.—Box 4101, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bagatelle board, folding, 9ft. by 30ins., with balls, cues, etc., and all accessories, in perfect order, slate bed, etc.—Box 4102, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, double ended punching ball, good condition.—Box 4103, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, billiard dining table, 7 by 4 size, and accessories. Lowest cash price.—Box 4104, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a full size cricket bat by first-class maker, batting pads and gloves, and cricket bag.—Box 4105, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Winslow adjustable roller skates, aluminium rollers, little used; 12s. 6d.—Box 4106, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, air gun, must kill rabbits; no fancy price.—Box 4107, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Wanted, a good English concertina or a Jeffries, 39-keyed, pitched in C.—Box 4063, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Zither banjo and case, beautiful finish, pearl inlaid, cost £4, perfect condition; bargain, accept 30s., or offer.—Box 4064, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

B-flat clarionet, by Keith, Prowse, good tone and condition, 13 German-silver keys, leather case. What offers?—Box 4065, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

Stammering Effectually Cured by Correspondence or Personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Page-Davis Correspondence Course Advertisement Writing, 20s.; Organiser, vols. 2 to 7, 10s.; several architectural books.—Box 4058, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser, 6 vols.; Cassell's Family Lawyer, 3 vols.; Modern House Construction, 6 vols., equal to new. What offers, lot, or separate?—Box 4059, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4032, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, £100 for two years, repayable £5 per month, good interest, first-class security, partly house property.—Box 4068, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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